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Volume VI

1946

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Volume Six · · Spring 1946 · · Number One

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—C. E. Ayres

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The ANTIOCH REVIEW

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—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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EDITORIAL

The Civil Power and the Military

RECENT EVENTS have shaken one of our first principles. Before the war, civil control of the military was assumed to be one of those rocks upon which our democracy was founded. Denial of the principle became one of the chief grievances in the Declaration of Independence; and affirmation of it was written into the body of the Constitution and itemized in four separate articles of the Bill of Rights. At the time of the Civil War the principle was deepened in *Ex Parte Milligan,* one of the Supreme Court's most far-reaching decisions—that not even for a known and dangerous conspiracy during wartime could a military commission take jurisdiction away from a functioning civil court. But although civil superiority has stood the test of two major wars, it has not stood the test of this one. That we are so undisturbed by the current condition would scandalize our forefathers, and continued inaction will scandalize our descendants—if they survive. Not only are we losing the legal battle but today in Washington the principle is being further eaten away by social and political decisions which if allowed to stand will turn our democracy into an armed camp.

Five months after Pearl Harbor, the Army removed more than a hundred thousand Japanese-Americans from their homes and property on the West Coast to isolated relocation centers. The action was taken not after careful investigation nor on account of sabotage but because of dangerous thoughts supposed to exist in the heads of people whose color was not white. Although more than half of these people were American citizens, all of them received far less shrift than enemy white aliens during the same period. The Army's job was underwritten by an order from the

President and a resolution by Congress. And two years later, when all danger of a Japanese attack on the West Coast had passed, in three astounding decisions, the whole action received the Supreme O. K. from the highest court in the land. As a result of this precedent, the Army can now, in time of war and possibly without benefit of co-ordinating legislation, a) decide what minorities hold which political opinions too dangerous to be allowed at large, and b) carry out its decisions without indictment, trial, or other safeguards of the Bill of Rights. Nor has this been annulled by the later decision on military rule in Hawaii.

Thus the legal encroachment.

More insidious is the current Washington struggle over control of the atomic bomb. Congressmen who have spent much of their political lives in invective against the power of the executive seem only too willing to hand over the national life and death that is in the bomb to West Point and Annapolis. Most of them fail to see in the training and personal history of West Pointers like Major General Leslie R. Groves any reason why the military power must always be subordinated to the civil. But it was General Groves, military chief of the wartime Bomb Project, whose order led to the destruction of the Japanese cyclotrons. And it is he who seeks to bar all scientists (including such men as Dr. James B. Conant and Dr. Karl T. Compton) from membership on any atomic control commission on the grounds that they "are not disinterested." That such stupidity is worthy of no compromise has been understood to date chiefly by scientists. It should be understood by other civilians, for their turn can come next.

The struggle over military training has only now begun in earnest. It may be that such training is required of us in the postwar world. But before it is instituted, let's have an honest threshing out of the reasons for it and the conditions under which it is to be conducted. And whatever is decided, let's have a thorough overhauling of our present military establishment. No one can deny the antidemocratic, authoritarian character of our present system. If the rank-and-file of the armed forces are to be democratic to the extent that they are drawn from all quarters and strata of American life, it is no more than right that all officers be selected in the same way and that all of them rise to their commissions from the ranks. Let our soldiers be treated like the free American citizens that they are. And let our officers learn political science and economics from civilian

teachers so that they may understand the world they live in. Such a threshing out of the problem of military training and an overhauling of our military machine are jobs, too, that will be done only at the request of civilians and only under the control of the civil power.

On all these points, the argument goes that wars as they must now be fought are total wars, that they affect all civilians equally and put all under similar strains and restrictions, that civilian duties are as vital to the nation's survival in war as purely military action in the front lines. All this may be admitted, but it does not follow consequently that military control must be expanded over all civil life. Rather, the opposite view is the more logical, that wherever civilians are to be considered, the civil authority must be paramount.

To argue that in the modern world more and more of the weapons of war seem to be simply the implements of peace turned wrong side out is to say only that war is more and more becoming a civil matter. Coal, oil, and the internal combustion engine are all matters of supreme moment in the fighting of wars, but we have not for that reason turned their development and control over to the military. The military and the peacetime uses of atomic energy are all wrapped up in one bundle, and to make that bundle subject to the will or veto of scientifically ignorant men is to destroy its usefulness and normal development. It has been estimated that military control set back the consummation of the Bomb Project by as much as eighteen months.

The flexibility and social intelligence of the military mind are not impressive. During the war we have been blessed with military leadership from such men as Generals George Marshall and "Ike" Eisenhower. But these men are not typical end-results of our traditional methods of officer training; Marshall was not trained at West Point and Eisenhower as a boy grew up in a pacifist household. The typical West Pointer is fed too much on ideas of military caste and social class. Any imagination or resilience he may have are trampled on. His inculcated reverence for absolutism and his blind obedience to an outworn military tradition—a system which not even General MacArthur as superintendent of the Academy could modernize—unfit him for leadership in peacetime as well as for positive efforts toward democracy at any time.

The military mind rationalizes its job in society on the basis of providing "security." But the whole tendency of our present system is to

define such security in purely static terms. It takes a dim view of any social system which is outdated by less than ten years, and all its attitudes are geared to the *status quo.*

We cannot afford this kind of security. It is too dangerous. The modern world requires imagination, flexibility, and the opportunity for knowledge and for change. Today not even the weapons are fixed. Not even the atomic bomb itself. Under questioning by Senator McMahon of the committee on atomic energy control, General Groves admitted that military control of the weapon would impede scientific development, and further, that it might even impede development of "the greatest of all security—a defense against the bomb." The danger is that "secret weapons" are not recognized for what they are—a delusion—and that hoarding of knowledge is simply self-imposed ignorance. The danger is that the "security" turned over to the military with confidence for its safekeeping will turn out to be no security at all.

If military control is advanced over any aspect of our civilian life in the postwar period, it will mean not only that we are actively looking for war in the future but that the dividing line between war and peace has finally become blurred. As a nation we shall more and more approximate the status of the perpetual fighting machine—and an outmoded machine at that.

We deserve better than this from our statesmen. From the Supreme Court we deserve a reconsideration of the principle upset in the relocation of the Japanese-Americans. From our Congressmen we deserve measures that, whatever their drastic provisions for the safety of the country, still reserve control in civil hands. From the President we deserve reaffirmation of the principle of civil control and a prompt veto for any bill which transgresses it. We deserve all this, that is, if we speak up for it and fight for it. The penalties for not doing so are plain. They are the police state, and eventual subjugation or destruction. P.B.

THE LINE MUST BE HELD!

By CHESTER BOWLES

I DON'T THINK there is any one question more widely discussed or hotly debated in America today than that of price and rent control. That's the way it was during the war, that's the way it is now, and that's the way it will continue to be until our supply of goods begins to meet demand. In the meantime we are faced with one hard, incontrovertible fact: the price line must be held.

For what is at stake today is more than our reconversion program. It is our entire economic future. And our economic future depends on the stability of our economy. Last February the President laid down a new stabilization program. He called upon me to take responsibility for its administration and upon the country to close ranks and see this job through to the finish. I think it is a good program and a workable program, and I mean to put everything I've got into making it succeed. I am confident that the American people will back it as steadfastly as they have backed the fight against inflation these past four years.

While all the details of the program have not been worked out at this writing, I can tell you what its basic principles are. First, its wage control is not a wage freeze. Those wage increases negotiated within industries since the end of the war will be approved by the government. The Office of Economic Stabilization will take every red-tape-cutting and streamlining action possible to forestall delays.

Similarly, manufacturers will receive much faster action on requests for price increases. Under the former wage-price policy they had to wait six months before the wage increases they granted could be taken into account in setting their prices; this delay is no longer necessary. Any industry operating at normal volume and finding itself in hardship will be granted price adjustments which will assure it of at least its peacetime level of earnings for the twelve months following the wage adjustment.

I want to state as emphatically as I can that this new wage-price policy does not mean general increases throughout the entire economy, nor does it mean a retreat to a new and higher price line. It will mean a

bulge in one narrow sector of the line—a bulge which must be sealed off and not allowed to spread to create a general breakthrough. That bulge will be the price increase allowed for some of the metal-using industries where labor costs, direct and indirect, represent a sizeable factor in the total price.

Approved wage increases will force very few industries below their prewar earnings. Wage increases have already been given in scores of industries without price consequences—in such industries as food processing and petroleum, for instance, where labor cost is a relatively small part of the sales dollar. This holds true, also, for such industries as apparel, where labor costs represent a higher proportion of total costs, but where profits have been very high.

The present stabilization policy will have little or no effect on the following important cost of living items:

Food, representing 40 per cent of the total cost of living line as reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics index. If Congress continues the present food subsidy program, the line of food prices can be held, as it has been held for the past three years, at roughly present levels.

Rents, representing 16 per cent of the cost of living.

Apparel, representing about 13 per cent of the cost of living. I believe that we can continue to step up apparel production at roughly the present average of prices.

What is true of these items is also generally true for furniture prices, the prices of house furnishings and services.

The situation, therefore, boils down to the fact that on the whole the price line *can* be held and *must* be held. Food, rent and apparel prices must be kept from rising.

To those who cry out against this policy in dismay or anger, I want to point out that we are engaged in a struggle against inflation which is even more desperate and significant than it was before V-J Day. The enemy is more dangerous than it was when we united to fight it during the war years. A victory for inflation could well mean the destruction of the prosperity and security we fought for so bitterly.

No one can exaggerate the gravity of the inflationary crisis we face. Many people are betting on higher and higher prices. Cabbies and porters are handing out tips on "good things" in a way that brings shivers to us who still vividly recall the speculative fever of the '20's. You can see it in

every uncontrolled market—in the stock market, in the real estate market. You'll find stability only in those industries operating under price control, but even they are threatened by the inflation in uncontrolled areas.

The next few months will decide whether we are going to build a future of prosperity and security for us all or whether we are going to permit present inflationary TNT to go off in an explosion which will smash our economic system beyond hope of repair. I don't think we are going to let inflation have its way. I have talked to too many Americans, read too many letters from housewives, businessmen, workers, and farmers to believe anything but that the overwhelming majority of our people dread and want no part of inflation.

What brought about this present crisis? For the answer to that question we'll have to go back to V-J Day. At that time most people thought that inflationary pressures would diminish, that markets would soften and pressure on prices ease up. We expected payrolls to fall off sharply because of elimination of overtime, downgrading of workers, and other factors. We expected a sharp jump in unemployment during the tooling-up period to cut into payrolls and purchasing power. Most of us were exceedingly bearish about the near future.

At the same time, the whole country was eager to get rid of wartime controls as rapidly as possible. After four years of the rigors of wartime controls it was natural for all of us—Congress, the Executive Branch of the government, and the general public—to hope for the speedy restoration of a free economy. Congress, for example, promptly eliminated the excess profits tax and reduced taxes on individual incomes.

The OPA staff was put to work to carve out broad areas of the price structure which it was hoped and expected could be exempted from price control during the fall and winter months. And in collaboration with the Department of Agriculture a program, indeed almost a timetable, based on the expectancy of lower food prices, was developed for a progressive removal of food subsidies.

The War Production Board proceeded at once to dismantle its structure of production and other controls. Regulations in batches were pitched into the wastebasket. The same was true of the Department of Agriculture, the Petroleum Administration, the Office of Defense Transportation, and the Foreign Economic Administration.

In all this, needless to say, there was considerable difference of opinion among the various government agencies; not disagreement on the general policy, but disagreement as to timing.

Ordinarily my own record as a prophet is no better than the next man's. But on this issue I happen to be one of those who wanted to play it safe. I was fearful of a repetition of the disaster of 1919 and 1920 when prices soared and then promptly collapsed. I did not feel that price and rent controls alone could carry the burden of inflation control.

Having lived with four years of other wartime controls we could, it seemed to me, take another six months or whatever was necessary to be be sure we were on solid ground before scrapping those controls.

One element of the program for orderly liquidation of government controls was the wage-price program. It was expected, as indeed it has actually come to pass, that the take-home pay of millions of American workers would be cut drastically. That was why, on August 18, the Administration dismantled the complicated and often cumbersome structure of wartime wage controls and restored collective bargaining, setting labor and management free to negotiate wage increases on their own. There was, however, one basic condition—that these negotiations take place within the framework of stable prices.

The President urged management to negotiate wage adjustments in order to cushion the cut in take-home pay. He pointed out that management could, in general, afford to grant such increases, emphasizing particularly the high profitability of most American industries, the excellent financial condition developed during the war, the protection against the risks of reconversion embodied in the tax laws, and the increase in earnings retained by business resulting from the elimination of the excess profits tax. But the President emphasized, too, that such wage increases must vary widely from one industry to another depending upon the ability of management to pay these increases without raising prices.

As price administrator I subscribed to this policy. Although I knew that it would put some strain on prices, I believed it to be compatible with effective price control and in line with our best labor-management traditions. And indeed I supported the President's entire reconversion program. It was a program designed under the then existing conditions to give us a swift and orderly transition from war to peace.

What, then, produced the crisis which we face today on the stabilization front? First, the tooling-up process of reconversion has proceeded faster than anyone thought possible. As a result, while average take-home pay has been cut, the volume of unemployment has not reached the proportions that were feared. Total payrolls have stayed far higher than expected with a resulting high demand for all products of our factories and farms.

Second, speculation, which after the last war became a dominant factor only after five or six months following the cessation of hostilities, this time put in an earlier appearance. The speculators started betting on inflation, and that showed in all our markets. Instead of a softening of pressure on prices in key areas of the economy, we have had prices pushing up hard against OPA ceilings all across the board, and prices in the speculative markets which were not under control moving up to new high ground almost from day to day.

Looking back on it, with the knowledge that we have today, and bearing in mind what I have just said about the inflationary pressures, it is perfectly clear that we moved too fast and too soon in stripping off the wartime controls.

Many of the actions taken, reasonable and proper though they may have seemed at the time, have not only meant hardship for our people; they have encouraged hoarding and added fuel to the flames of speculation.

Third, there is the wage-price policy. On the whole it has worked extremely well. Industrial and other wholesale prices as well as retail prices have been held very close to their V-J Day levels, while thousands of collective bargaining agreements involving substantial wage increases have been concluded in an orderly fashion. I am told that six million workers have received wage increases during this period.

Nonetheless, the wage-price policy broke down in a number of vitally important areas. Why it broke down in these particular areas can be left to the economic historians and to the theoreticians to decide. It seems to me high time that we stop arguing about "who did what to whom" and get on with the job of meeting a national emergency.

A speculative fever has taken hold of the country. A large metropolitan newspaper advises its readers to invest their money in real estate. A local supermarket advertises "Salmon—6 cans to a customer—24¢—*Not*

Rationed Yet"—an open invitation to hoard and to create another scarcity, although there has not even been a rumor about any rationing of salmon. The lobbyists and profiteers are licking their chops in anticipation of an inflationary rise. The great majority of Americans know the dangers of inflation, but high pressure lobbyists, pretending to speak for the people, are pushing for it daily, steadily, and vocally.

The National Association of Manufacturers, for instance, has been running a series of expensive, full-page ads in many newspapers, advocating the lifting of price controls as a means of stimulating production.

They claim, "Goods will then pour into the market and, within a reasonable time, prices will adjust themselves naturally. . . ." They don't say what would happen *before* prices would "adjust themselves naturally." Had they said instead, "prices will skyrocket and then collapse" they would have been more nearly historically correct, for that is exactly what happened after the last war when what few price controls we had were removed. As you and the NAM well know, prices skyrocketed, production rose somewhat, consumers were unable to buy at such high prices, and prices, jobs, and investments collapsed in a disaster which set reconversion back about two years.

A few months ago a good deal of publicity was given to a survey made in Bridgeport, Connecticut by its Chamber of Commerce to determine the effect of OPA policies upon full production and employment. The finding, as reported in a speech delivered by Robert R. Wason, President of the NAM, was that unless price controls were removed or relaxed, 8700 workers would be thrown out of work by February 15, 1946. We have no information about conditions on that date, but up to January 15, 4800 workers had been *added* to employment rolls in Bridgeport.

At least two groups—The National Association of Real Estate Boards and the Producers Council—who maintain they represent the builders of America, have also been agitating long and loud for removal of price control. The NAREB, while claiming to back the courageous veterans' housing program of Wilson Wyatt, is opposed to its provision for ceiling prices on old homes and building lots—an integral feature of the program. These groups were leaders, too, in the agitation for removal of government building controls, claiming such action would result in plenty of housing. The high prices for homes and the low building rate which followed the lifting of government controls last fall showed how wrong

they were, and how necessary government building controls are during this most critical emergency.

The campaign for higher prices rather than subsidy payments to stimulate production of building materials is loaded with inflationary dynamite—while giving no assurance that higher prices would mean more production. Take lumber, for instance. Since 1939 OPA has given repeated increases in lumber prices to encourage production. The total rise of 66.4 per cent compares with an average increase of 25 per cent for industrial goods. What was the result? Production dropped 9.5 per cent. Why? Because employment dropped 21.8 per cent. Was the trouble price?

Between 1914 and 1920, during and after World War I, lumber production had the remarkable encouragement of a 231 per cent price rise. With what result? Production dropped 13.6 per cent—more than it did in the present war. But the payoff for the inflationary price rise came in 1921. Prices dropped more than 60 per cent. Production dropped 28.4 per cent.

The National Retail Dry Goods Association has complained for some months that OPA's price policies were driving low-priced goods out of production while giving new manufacturers high prices on shoddy merchandise. This organization displayed an exhibit in Congress which was supposed to support its charges. While no names of manufacturers were given and the NRDGA has steadfastly refused to divulge them, the OPA has discovered the names of six. In one case OPA had not fixed proper prices; the other five were gross misrepresentations. One of the latter was summarized by the NRDGA:

> The OPA expects an established manufacturer to market fine printed, sanforized cloth shorts at $3.55 a dozen. But a manufacturer is permitted to market shorts made of white sheeting of the type commonly used in chenille bedspreads and to charge $7.35 a dozen for them.

Here are the facts about the manufacturer of "fine printed, sanforized cloth shorts." He is making 500,000 a week; about one-fourth of them are made to sell for 39 cents retail. He is selling these shorts for $3.55 a dozen, *45 cents below his OPA approved ceiling price.*

Actually, the OPA has made hundreds of adjustments to help businesses out of hardships and bottlenecks. For example, ceilings have been increased on brick, cast iron soil pipe, and other building materials to aid in breaking a bottleneck in construction. In some of the cases, price

increases are being correlated with wage increases to help solve manpower problems. Further, the OPA has put into effect recommendations of the Government's Bottleneck Committee *in every case in which price action has been proposed.*

But such facts are ignored by the few small but powerful pressure groups which are trying to break down our defenses against higher living costs.

Fortunately, most of us have come to recognize these efforts for what they are. But right here I want to make our point absolutely clear. When I talk about the greedy groups I am referring only to a very small percentage of our people. They do not really speak for American business. They shout the loudest, but the surveys and the letters which come across my desk tell me that 95 per cent of our businessmen are reasonable, patriotic people who do not condone the point of view of the pressure artists who claim to represent them.

Right here today I call on the membership of the National Association of Manufacturers and the other groups I have mentioned above to repudiate their irresponsible leadership. I call upon them to denounce propaganda efforts to bring inflation on this country. I call upon them to let the American people know where the responsible majority of businessmen stand.

Anyone who has ever worked at the Office of Price Administration knows that such attacks from pressure groups are to be expected. I have always felt, however, that people will not be misled if they know the facts, that an enlightened public will always make the right decision. Here are the facts of our present critical situation:

First, inflationary pressures are terrific. One of these is the scarcity of certain goods, to be expected after four years of peak war production. They cannot be overcome completely overnight—or even in months—but are being gradually lessened. Another is our huge purchasing power; public spendable income in the last six months of 1945 was at the rate of $137.7 billion a year—more than 55 per cent above 1941, the peak pre-Pearl Harbor year. Add to this the $160 billion in savings, the high current payrolls (which never did diminish as much after V-J Day as our experts thought they would), and current military expenditures which are equal to the entire cost of World War I, and you have a reservoir of cash which could wreck our economic stability if even a small part of it

were used to buy up our present short supplies. You can see this idle, "hot" money spilling over into real estate. It was reported to OPA that sales prices of over 63,000 single-family homes were 149 times monthly rentals compared to the generally accepted normal ratio of 100 times monthly rentals. You can see it in the stock market, which rose 22 per cent in the five months following V-J Day, notwithstanding the requirement of 100 per cent cash payments for stocks. And you can see it in farm lands, which had increased up to 58 per cent by November, 1945, compared with a 65 per cent inflation for a like period after the outbreak of the last war. And the demand for goods is unslaked. At least five to ten customers await every new item coming off the assembly line.

Second, as both our friends and foes say—but for quite different reasons—only production can cure these inflationary tendencies. Despite claims that pricing policies are retarding production and reconversion, the January, 1946 report of the Committee for Economic Development states that reconversion of American industry to peacetime production was so far ahead of schedule only five months after the end of the war that 52,000,000 workers were employed in civilian jobs, with only 2,000,000 unemployed and hundreds of thousands of jobs unfilled. The report also revealed that production and employment were at the highest peacetime level in our history, with reconversion 90 per cent complete in many parts of the country.

Third, the country as a whole is operating very profitably. Business is doing very well. Relatively few have been injured by the shift from war to peace production; most businesses and industry are producing the same goods they did before and during the war. They will continue to do so—and continue to make money. Corporation profits before taxes for 1945 are estimated at about $22 billion compared to just under $25 billion in 1944. In the final quarter of 1945, in spite of the claim that most of this big profit was earned while we still had a war on our hands, American corporations declared $1.5 billion in dividends—as much as they declared during the same period in 1944. And finally, bankruptcies fell in 1945—for the third successive year under price control—to an all-time low of 810. Surely, helping to hold the line should not be too difficult for business. Operating under present stabilization policies is a small price to pay for a stable, prosperous economy.

Wage increases under the new economic stabilization program are not a new labor advantage. They are rather a cushion against the blow which millions of workers have felt since V-J Day. While many people throw up their hands in horror at the thought of any wage increases at all, the fact is that the elimination of overtime and downgrading of jobs have dug deeply into take-home pay—and it is take-home pay that buys groceries and pays rents. The recent pattern of wage increases will make up only a part of this loss in take-home pay. Wages will be fairly stabilized under the new wage-price policy. Further increases in addition to the current pattern would make economic stabilization impossible, although wage increases will take effect in industries still operating under pre-V-J Day contracts. And this, in my opinion, is as it should be.

Farmers have done rather well since the days before the war and that is all to the good. While in recent years they have profited least from good times and suffered most during bad times, their net operating income per farm today is over 200 per cent better than it was in 1939; contrary to expectations farm income has increased since V-J Day. The stabilization program has meant much to farmers. Current high and steady wages for workers have meant a steady market for farm products. The prices they *receive* have risen on the average exactly the same percentage in this war as in the last—113 per cent. But the prices they *pay* have risen only 40 per cent this time against 94 per cent the last time—because of effective price and rent control.

The boom-and-bust of 1918-1920 hit farmers first, hardest, and fastest than it did any other group; inflation this time would undoubtedly have the same result. Most farmers know that, and also know that a stabilization program which benefits industry and labor also benefits agriculture.

All segments of our economy must pull together if we are to avoid another inflationary disaster. I do not think it unfair or unreasonable to ask businessmen to continue doing business with its generally profitable current earnings; or to ask farmers to accept the present structure of farm prices; or to ask the workers to accept temporary wage control and some cut in their take-home pay. The only alternative is inflation, in which all of us stand to gain nothing and lose everything.

Let us not forget our true goal: a prosperity firmly established. Americans will understand, I am sure, how fundamental the economic stabilization program is to the fulfillment of that prosperity.

TWIN BASES FOR A LIMITED CAPITALISM

By C. E. AYRES

Social Security

WHAT WE REQUIRE, and all we require, to make the industrial economy work is a flow of mass consumer purchasing-power sufficient to absorb the entire product of industry at whatever level of production we may be able to achieve. This would not bring utopia. It would not solve all problems. On the contrary it would solve only one problem, the crisis into which we have been thrust by the institutions and dogmas of absolute capitalism. But this problem is the most important one we face today in this sense. If we solve this problem, we shall then have an opportunity to tackle others. If we do not, all our present problems will merge in the general collapse of the present structure of Western society.

As we know, increasing the flow of mass consumer purchasing-power means increasing the flow of income through small incomes, for this reason: the larger the income, the greater the proportion that is saved; and the smaller the income, the greater the proportion that is spent. Hence the only effective way to increase the flow of mass consumer purchasing-power is to increase the smallest incomes—ideally, to create income where none at all exists at present.

This could be done by providing income for those who are not "gainfully employed." As it happens, the non-gainfully-employed are rather numerous and fall into a variety of groups. In addition to the able-bodied unemployed, they include infants, young people who though able to work at certain jobs are still undergoing educational preparation for "careers of larger usefulness," housewives, the sick (including maternity cases), cripples, the infirm aged, and others. These are our subjects.

These groups are very familiar, since they are the objects of concern in all programs of social security or social insurance "and allied services," to quote the title of the celebrated Beveridge Report. This familiarity has

its advantages and also its disadvantages. It relieves the present discussion from any further effort of identification. But it also means that any discussion of the incomes of these groups will inevitably suffer from being conducted in the atmosphere of the poorhouse.

Security has often been denounced as a mean and unworthy goal, and taken by itself so it is. But there is no reason whatever for taking it as the end-all-be-all either of individual existence or of social progress. On the contrary, its importance both for individuals and for society derives from the fact that it is a means to fuller and richer life—whatever we may mean by such expressions. The higher spiritual values have little attraction for individuals whose children are starving; and if they seek assurance that their children will be fed, we have no right to assume that eating is the limit of their aspiration. Similarly it must not be assumed that as a society we have adopted the ideal of the feeding-pen because we propose to increase consumption. Such an assumption overlooks the requirements of the economy as a whole. It is because the continued existence of the industrial economy requires enlarged consumption that we propose such enlargement. From this point of view the poor are heaven-sent. Their interest and the common interest exactly coincide.

Nevertheless charity may corrupt. Must it necessarily do so? The whole issue of social security, and perhaps the fate of industrial society itself, turns upon this distinction of "may" and "must." The problem is one which no discussion of social security can avoid facing. For if it is true that providing people with incomes which they have not earned must necessarily debase their character, then we are forced to the conclusion that industrial society can be saved only by debasing a substantial part of the community. Such a price may be too much, and we may therefore be forced to conclude that even total revolution would be preferable.

Fortunately the evidence is unmistakably clear. Absolute capitalism itself provides the clearest sort of demonstration that unearned income does not necessarily corrupt. For if it does, then its victims must include all the recipients of income from capital. To be sure, these beneficiaries differ from the recipients of charity in two important respects. For the most part their incomes are considerably larger than any charity, and the receipt of income from investments is no bar to further earnings of any magnitude. That is, corporations do not decline to pay dividends to stock-

holders on the ground that the stockholders in question are already earning large incomes as engineers, physicians, attorneys, or active businessmen.

This point is of very great importance because it is the significant difference between income that corrupts and income that does not corrupt. It is the issue of the "means test." In spite of what Anatole France ironically called "the characteristic generosity of the poor toward the rich," nobody relishes making contributions to the upkeep of people who are better off than he is. Before we are moved to generosity we must be convinced that the object of our charity is truly needy—so much needier than ourselves as to make a refusal of assistance seem positively churlish. Public charity has inherited this inhibition from private charity, and social security has inherited it from public charity.

But this condition is doubly corrupting. In the first place, it is intensely humiliating for the recipient of the "dole" to be obliged to make a more or less public exhibition of his indigence; and—even more important—it is definitely corrupting for the continued receipt of the "dole" to be contingent upon the continuance of the indigence. This means that any opportunity to earn must necessarily be weighed against the loss of public assistance which it may entail.

History affords some truly appalling instances of the effects of such a policy. One of the worst and most bitterly controversial was the system, known as the "Speenhamland system," set up in England in 1795 and in force for several decades thereafter. One writer makes this system primarily responsible for the rise of British socialism; but others point out that although Speenhamland did encourage indigence by withdrawing assistance from people who were making the first feeble efforts to help themselves, it did also save many from starvation by setting a (very low) minimum of subsistence below which no one was allowed to fall. True, it encouraged illegitimacy by a dole that was contingent upon bearing a child. Stories were told of women who had had four illegitimate children and said they would be "sitting pretty" if they could only have one more. Nevertheless the system was sufficiently humane to try to save even the illegitimate from starvation.

Such is the dilemma which social security has inherited from private charity. What is wrong here is a confusion of motives. No parent would think of sending his child supperless to bed on the ground that he had

gone out during the afternoon and earned fifty cents mowing other people's lawns and therefore had lost his claim on an equivalent amount of family largesse. Why? Surely the reason is that parents identify themselves with the personalities and fortunes of their children. The better off the children are, the better pleased the parents are—and with reason.

This is precisely the case with industrial society and its smallest consumers. The more incomes are increased at the bottom of the scale, the larger is mass consumption; and the larger mass consumption is, the better off everybody is.

True, the case of the giver of private charity is quite different. He gives without thought or hope of any but spiritual advantage. What he gives is a total loss to him, financially at least. No common financial interest identifies his interests with those of the recipient of his bounty. Consequently he has a valid reason for adjusting his benefaction to the proved need of its recipient and reducing it or discontinuing it altogether as that need diminishes; and all modern systems of public relief and social security have inherited that motivation from the private giver.

Our dilemma is historical. Our present need is to effect a substantially greater flow of mass consumer purchasing-power. To do so will mean economic salvation for all of us. Not to do so will mean common disaster. We do have the same common interest in the enlargement of the consumption of low-income groups which parents have in the improvement of their children. But the administrative apparatus for doing this still bears the taint of private charity.

What we have to do, obviously, is to modernize our motives and our apparatus. There is no reason whatever why unearned income should corrupt if we do not want it to corrupt. If this is the case—and it had better be!—all we have to do is to treat the community as we treat our children. No one will endure hard labor to make twenty dollars a week when he can receive twenty-five if he has no other source of income and will lose it if he has any sort of job. But no one in his senses will refuse a job that means doubling his income.

It is sometimes argued that recipients of charity are literally senseless. Alas, some of them are. Some are indigent because they have been born senseless. Others have been driven senseless by poverty. But such cases have no bearing whatever on the pros and cons of social security. It would be ridiculous to argue that social security will debase its subjects because

some were born debased and others have been incurably debased by antecedent conditions. One might just as well argue that medical care is no good since some diseases are hereditary and some cases of illness are already so far advanced that medicine can do nothing for them.

No policy is sound which does not assume that other people are very much like oneself. Well-to-do people do not desist from earning more because they already have something, and neither will ill-to-do people. Obviously the thing to do to make a social security program wholly effective is to extend its benefits to the entire population irrespective of their earnings and even of their other independent income. The Beveridge Report proposes to do precisely this for the people of Great Britain, abolishing the infamous "means test" and blanketing the entire population into the system. This is made easy by the fact that the system takes the form of insurance—a perfectly respectable and familiar device. But the effect would be the same if governmental funds were the source of the entire flow of income which the system would set up instead of "matching" the contributions (or premiums) paid by each individual member.

Such a system would be the most direct, effective, and economical way to supplement the flow of income in small-income channels. Virtually every dollar would go just where the economy needs it. For even if old-age benefits were paid to millionaires, we must remember first that millionaires are few in number and secondly that progressive taxation (the subject of the next section) would recapture every dollar and redirect it toward the vast number of small incomes.

Furthermore such a system is perfectly flexible. Nothing is involved but money income, and of all forms of wealth money is the most liquid. The flow of income which the system would set up could be increased or decreased as circumstances dictate. Indeed, unemployment payments, which should of course be one of the most important instrumentalities of the whole system, would automatically increase and decrease as employment decreased and increased, without a single penny ever being diverted to millionaires. (Some evidence of the fact of unemployment would of course be required under such a system; but it could and should have reference to regular employment, and it need not and should not involve any means-test snooping into the amount of its subjects' savings, or any other sources of income such as odd jobs or substitute employment.)

All this is generally admitted. That is, nobody denies that a program such as we have come to identify by the phrase "social security" would set up a flow of increased income in small-income channels, or that such a flow of income would be subject to flexible control. To be sure, Sir William Beveridge does express some hesitation in his recent sequel to the Report, *Full Employment in a Free Society*; and since he is the greatest living exponent of what the Report called "social insurance and allied services," his misgivings are worth quoting in full.

> Some expansion of private outlay [he says on page 184], brought about by a redistribution of income increasing the propensity to consume, should be a part of a full employment policy. Several of the measures included in the programme of spending set out above, in particular those for Social Security, would have this consequence. The proposal to be examined here goes further. It is that the placing of adequate purchasing power in the hands of the citizens, so that they will spend more, should be the main instrument of a full employment policy. It is argued that in this way full employment might be achieved with a minimum of State interference and planning. To a proposal of this character there are several serious objections.

In the pages immediately following, Beveridge cites two objections. One of these is that consumption so induced "might not be wisely directed" or "might not be directed to those forms of consumption which were socially most desirable," and he mentions a variety of possible unwise and undesirable expenditures. The other "and most important" objection is that "there are many essential services which individuals either cannot get for themselves or can get only at excessive cost," such as "nursery schools, playgrounds, hospitals, libraries, . . . good housing in healthy surroundings." These, he insists, are "vital needs which can be met only by collective action."

These misgivings with regard to the wisdom and social vision of much of our consumption, and also with regard to the commercial accessibility of important services to the private consumer, are of course wholly justified. No one would deny that even the highest measure of continuous and continuously rising prosperity would leave many persistent problems to be dealt with—educational and moral problems of every sort. Nor would anyone deny that social services such as those indicated would not be automatically provided by prosperity or that continued vigilant effort would be required to secure them.

But if these problems would not be solved by the achievement of full employment, neither would full employment be achieved by attention to these problems. Our great respect for Sir William Beveridge must not be allowed to conceal the plain fact that his objections are quite irrelevant. They amount to saying that social security is not the sum total of human effort. But who says it is? Social security is not the sum total of human effort because full employment is not the sum total of human aspiration. Social security is the way to get full employment. Nothing Sir William says casts the slightest doubt on that proposition. He only says that we must eventually set our sights higher than full employment, which of course is true but quite another story.

Other objections are indeed made, with the greatest vigor and even bitterness. They are capitalistic objections. People who deny the possibility of general unemployment object to social security or any other program for preventing what they deny exists. So do people who attribute unemployment to "government interference." People who maintain that the administration which began in 1933 was responsible for the depression which began in 1929 also object to social security.

If objections such as these prevail, they will make any adequate program of social security "politically" impossible. That does not mean that it is economically impossible. It is perfectly feasible, economically. There is no serious economic obstacle to the immediate realization of full employment and continuously rising prosperity. The objections of economic royalists would only mean that absolute capitalism would come to an end in the United States as absolute monarchy came to an end in France and Russia and not as it came to an end in England. Our economic royalists have it in their power to prevent the realization of limited capitalism, which would end unemployment, depressions, and war. They do not have it in their power to preserve absolute capitalism. Nothing can do that.

Progressive Taxation

"Where is the money coming from?" "Who is going to bear the cost?" "Is there enough money even in the whole economy to carry the dead weight of such a program?"

Questions such as these are often heard even today. But they are based on a complete misconception not only of the corrective measures

under discussion but also of the underlying condition we are seeking to correct. Indeed, this misconception is so completely at variance with the plain facts as to justify the suspicion that people who state the problem in this way intend to confuse public discussion and obstruct corrective action.

In the first place, measures calculated to redress the flow of income would not be a dead weight. On the contrary, it is the present income differential—the tendency of income to flow faster into large-income channels than into small-income channels—that is a burden. That burden is so heavy that it threatens to sink the whole economy. The whole object of corrective measures is to lighten the dead weight of that burden.

Such lightening of the income burden involves a double adjustment. Income must be made to flow faster into small-income channels. It has been the object of the preceding section to show that this can be done most directly and effectively by a program of social security, though other measures would contribute to the same effect and should of course be used for whatever they are worth to supplement social security. But income must also be made to flow more slowly into large-income channels. The two channels are of course complementary. It is because under the institutions and ideas of capitalism too much income flows into large incomes that too little flows into small ones—too little to absorb the product of industry. This is the answer to another of the obstructive questions, "Where is the money coming from?" It is coming from large incomes, of course. Unless that is the case small incomes will not have been increased relatively to large ones. To tax small incomes, say by a sales tax, in order to support a program of social security would be a sheer waste of effort. The left hand would take away what the right hand giveth and the only net result would be saddling the community with the administrative cost of making totally useless motions. The perfect instrument for reducing the flow of income to large incomes is the direct progressive taxation of personal incomes. This is true virtually by definition, since such taxation is assessed directly on the recipients of income and is graduated according to the amount of income. It is well illustrated by the *rates* of the present federal personal income tax. Incomes smaller than a specified minimum are not taxed at all. Those just above this minimum are taxed only a few per cent of the "net taxable income" which remains after various deductions and allowances have been made,

and the per cent taken by the tax increases until it reaches a maximum at which something like nine-tenths may (theoretically) be taken. Thus the recipient of a million-dollar-a-year income (and this would be realized by a five per cent return on a fortune of twenty million dollars) is left to scrape along on something like one hundred thousand dollars a year.

No one doubts the possible effectiveness of direct progressive taxation. The only limit to the amount of funds it could draw off from the sum of personal incomes of the community is the sum total of all incomes. Tax experts often couple the income tax with the inheritance, or estate, tax. To tax incomes but not inheritances would of course be utterly inconsistent. But special provision for taxing inheritances is necessary only if such acquisitions have been specifically exempted from income taxation. If inheritances were treated like all other income and taxed as such, no special tax would be required. And why not? If a writer "hits the jackpot" with a successful play, he may make half a million dollars in one year, all of which is taxable as personal income. If his neighbor inherits half a million, that is subject to estate taxation only. Why the difference? To be sure, an answer can be given in terms of the sacredness of capital funds, but in terms of their effect on the economy all such windfalls are identical.

Our concern is solely with the amount of income, not at all with its source. That is what income taxation takes account of, and that is all it takes account of, and it takes complete account of it.

Even so, the question may still be raised whether income taxation would provide funds enough to raise consumption to the necessary level. In dealing with this question three things must be borne in mind.

First, nobody expects the stream of income that is diverted from large incomes to small ones by progressive taxation and social security to be the only source of mass consumer purchasing-power. By far the greater part of the flow of consumer purchasing-power will be through ordinary channels of wages, salaries, etc. Nobody even expects the diversionary stream to be the whole, or even the greater part, of the increase of mass consumer purchasing-power. The greater part of the increase will also flow through ordinary channels, into which it will be released by the "multiplier" effect of the diversionary flow. All that is expected of the diversionary flow is that it shall activate the multiplier.

The incomes of the very rich, though large, are far from numerous. If the question were only by how much the incomes of the poor would be increased if all the incomes of all the rich and even the moderately well-to-do were distributed among the poor, the answer would be quite unsatisfactory. But that is not the question. The question is how to maintain full and continually rising production. If it is true that our failure to do this in the past has resulted from the differential flow of income, then the object of the proposed diversionary flow is to overcome that differential. Only that. Nothing more.

Secondly, we must never forget Say's law. According to this venerable maxim production must always create its own sufficient market. Whatever the sums laid out in production, they are paid to the "factors of production" by whom in turn they are either spent or invested; and so they flow back into the market, purchasing consumers' goods and capital goods in quantities precisely commensurate with the total volume of production.

For nearly a century and a half this "law" has been the mainstay of the belief that private business can maintain full employment. We now know that Say's law does not hold. But it fails to hold not because funds are deficient in the aggregate, but because faulty distribution of income permits (and even obliges) some funds to be accumulated for which no real investment in actual capital goods can be made. This impediment is due to the deficiency of consumer purchasing-power, a deficiency which is caused by the excess flow of funds into large incomes and is precisely commensurate to it.

Thus the amount of funds which it is necessary to divert from large incomes is exactly equal to the amount of oversaving, that is, spurious investment and outright hoarding. If we could infallibly detect hoarding and spurious investment, the recapture of those very funds would be sufficient to maintain full production and employment. But hoarding is almost impossible to detect, spurious investment quite impossible. Nobody ever knows whether his investments are "good" except as subsequent events reveal—or even determine—their character. Even if detection were possible, it would perhaps be unreasonably harsh to penalize the follies of investors by total confiscation. (That is what bankruptcy does; but a responsible social policy must be juster than outrageous fortune.) Consequently we have no alternative but to treat all recipients

of large incomes as potential hoarders or "suckers" in direct ratio to the size of their incomes, diverting from the sum total of their incomes by progressive rates an amount equivalent to the oversaving with which their incomes threaten us.

At this point we might well pause to consider an objection. The objection which is urged most vigorously against effectively progressive income taxation is that such a levy would cut down the flow of investment funds at their large-income source and so would kill the financial goose that lays the industrial golden eggs. This objection is a perfect example of capitalistic dogma. For it is valid only on the assumption that all accumulated funds necessarily become real investments, and as such inevitably expand industry and provide enlarged employment. It is a sound objection only on the assumption that there is no such thing as depression, not to mention war and revolution. But on the assumption that such conditions do exist and are to be explained by the differential flow of income, the objection has no force whatever. The diversion of funds in the amount of hoarding and spurious investment cannot possibly reduce the volume of real investment. One might as well argue that the removal of counterfeit money from circulation will deprive business of the necessary volume of currency.

Since hoarding and spurious investment escape immediate detection, they provide no means of measuring the total amount of oversaving and so of ascertaining the point to which the diversion of income should be carried. But there are other ways by which this point can be quite definitely recognized. One is by the price level. When the general price level begins to rise sharply, as it does under war conditions owing to the failure of production of consumers' goods to keep pace with consumer purchasing-power, obviously a cutback is called for. And the same is true of the interest rate. The moment the point is reached at which a scarcity of funds available for real investment begins to develop, competing businesses will bid against each other for existing savings by raising their offers of interest, and this is another indication of the saturation point.

But full employment is the best indication. When the diversion of funds from large-income channels to small-income channels has, with the assistance of the multiplier, raised the total flow of mass consumer purchasing-power to such a volume that all the goods are being bought which can then be made by employment of the full manpower of the

community, obviously no further increase will serve a useful purpose. At such a point the flow of funds through social security channels will have undergone considerable reduction, as we have seen; and so a treasury surplus will be growing fast. This in itself is a sufficient cue for tax reduction.

Thus a third consideration must also be kept in mind. Throughout the foregoing discussion the diversion of funds has been treated as though it would involve an absolute reduction of large incomes. But it is very doubtful if this is the case. For the diversion we have been discussing would greatly increase the entire social income produced by the economy as a whole. That is the object of the whole maneuver. The fluctuations of which the social income is capable are very great. In 1929 the national income of the United States was $83 billion. In 1932 it was $40 billion. In 1939 it had reached $71 billion. From this point it rose to $148 billion in 1943. There is every likelihood that a rate of increase of several billions a year could be maintained indefinitely. If this were to be achieved, it would mean in all probability that no absolute reduction of the flow of income in large-income channels would ever actually take place. What would happen would be a reduction of the rate of increase from the excessive rate which absolute capitalism enforces to a more moderate rate of increase commensurate with the growth of the social income and the expansion of real investment opportunities based on a commensurately increasing flow of mass consumer purchasing-power.

The importance of this point is impossible to exaggerate. The facts are plain, and they have been pointed out again and again by witnesses of undeniable qualifications and unimpeachable integrity. They have nevertheless been persistently ignored simply and solely because they are disastrously embarrassing to absolute capitalism. Thus it has been pointed out repeatedly that the entire cost of all the recovery agencies of the 1930's was never more than a moderate fraction of the increase of the national income by which they were accompanied. The fact that some of those agencies are generally admitted to have been far from ideally effective—some of them even worked against each other—only serves to emphasize the tremendous significance of a rising national income. Obviously full employment is a very good bargain indeed for all the participants—even the recipients of incomes whose rate of increase must be curtailed. Even they will enjoy increasing incomes; and the still greater possible (though

temporary) increase which they do not get, they will not subsequently lose.

So potent is a rising social income that it has often been cited as a sufficient offset to a perpetually rising debt and even to a perpetually expanding paper currency. Both of these claims are true, but neither is a decisive reason for adopting such a policy in preference to direct taxation.

The objection to financing a long-range economic program by borrowing is not the size of the debt that would result. The public hullaballoo over the size of the national debt is scare-fool demagoguery. The people who raise the outcry know better, as witness their complacency in the face of a war debt more than four times larger than the amount they set during the 1930's as the absolute maximum, to go one dollar beyond which would surely mean utter bankruptcy. Obviously what they really feared was not the size of the debt but the purpose for which it was then being assumed.

Economists are pretty well agreed that the size of the national debt is immaterial, for this reason. Every bond is an asset as well as a liability. In this respect public debt is exactly like private debt. If the community is the debtor, the community is also the creditor in the same amount (assuming, to avoid international complications, that the debt is domestically held, as is true of our national debt).

It is true, of course, that responsibility for paying and claims to be paid may be distributed differently. If we assume that the bonds are owned by the rich and the well-to-do in proportion to their fortunes, and if we also assume that every citizen bears an equal responsibility for retiring these bonds, then obviously ninety-nine per cent of the population is in bondage—not to "the state," but to the other one per cent. But such would be the case not by virtue of the existence of a debt, but only by virtue of our assumptions with regard to the distribution of assets and liabilities. In actual fact it still remains to be determined in what fashion our financial responsibilities will be distributed. That will be determined by future taxation. If future revenue acts place chief reliance on direct progressive taxation of personal incomes, that will mean the distribution of the burden of taxation on a pattern exactly coinciding with what we have assumed to be the distribution of claims to repayment and will therefore represent no burden at all.

But if this can be done to retire a debt, why could it not be done in the first place to finance an economic program and even a war? The answer is, It could. Every program, even including war, is in fact financed out of current income. What makes the bond sales possible, if not current income? It is quite untrue that the cost of war is saddled on future generations. What is saddled on future generations is the cost of retiring the bonds—an utterly different proposition.

A long-range program of income diversion such as we have been discussing would also mean the continuous increase of the national income. Consequently the proposal has been made that such a program might well be financed by this maneuver. This would indeed be possible. That is, a rising national income would make it possible for government to create the funds with which to finance the flow of mass consumer purchasing-power through social security.

But this maneuver would not divert any funds from large-income channels. Consequently its effectiveness would be only half that of a combined program of social security financed by direct progressive taxation. To be sure, it could be supplemented by such taxation, just as borrowing could be followed by taxation. But if this is to be done, it might just as well be done from the outset, in which case the fund-creating maneuver would be unnecessary and pointless. For that maneuver, like the borrowing to which it is closely related, is primarily a stop-gap postponement of the real decision.

The decision is of course momentous. No nation has ever employed direct progressive taxation on such a scale. We have recognized the principle. The rates of our present federal personal income tax embody that principle. Nevertheless existing income taxes fail to provide funds in any such volume as would be required to redress the balance of the economy. This fact is sometimes cited as evidence that sufficient funds do not exist. But what it proves is the extreme faultiness of present income taxes.

The trouble is that wide avenues of escape have been provided. These avenues are well known not only to all students of taxation but to all those who utilize them to escape taxation. All that is necessary for a fortune to escape income taxation altogether is that it should consist of tax-exempt bonds. In the early 1930's some of the greatest fortunes in the country escaped taxation altogether by deducting capital losses from

current income. Earnings may escape personal income taxation by remaining in a business as undivided surplus—hence the frantic, and successful, opposition to a recent (short-lived) tax on undivided surplus. Even the salaries of top executives may escape the high rates of the personal income tax by assuming the form of grants of stock or options to buy stock at less than market prices.

But there is no need for an inventory of the defects of past and present revenue acts. The point is that defects exist and are known to be defects. That is why they were enacted. Just as in the case of the historic doles and poor laws we have in a fashion distributed relief but have taken care to do so in such a fashion as to make the whole business as opprobrious as possible, so in the case of direct progressive taxation we have gone through the motions of accepting the principle and enacting the tax (even passing a constitutional amendment to make it a part of the American Way of Life) but have taken care to do so in such a way as to defeat the operation of the principle on which we have purported to be acting.

Our failure has been a failure of nerve due to fear of the unknown. For an effective program of income diversion would mean the voluntary abandonment of absolute capitalism. It would also mean not total revolution but the voluntary adoption of limited capitalism.

Nevertheless this is the direction in which we have been moving for many years, carried forward in large part by our historic talent—as old as the industrial revolution—for gradual transition. It only remains for us to take the decisive step.

THREE TALES

By HOWARD TROYER

HOW UNCLE PERRY CAME TO CHEW TOBACCO, AND AS FAR BACK AS HE COULD MIND

AS FAR BACK as he could mind, Uncle Perry was living in the village of Mud Corners with old Leazer Sears. *According to Uncle Perry, Leazer was a rollin' stone, and what moss he got, came from marryin' and buryin'.*

Before 1841, however, neither Uncle Perry's memory nor the old records tell us much about him. In that year Leazer had come to Milford township from Onondaga County in New York. He must have been a man of thirty-five or more, for he had already been twice married and had had a family of four children by his second wife, Ezra, Isaac, George, and Betsy.

Uncle Perry couldn't rightly say how old he was when he "come to" as a member of Leazer's household, but the records show that he was born in 1847, and was therefore five years old in 1852, the year his mother died. Perry's father, Jeremiah Johnson, of whom he remembered little more than the name, had died three years earlier, when Perry was two. His mother, Diadamie Tuttle, already a widow with a son and two daughters, had married Johnson the year before Perry was born. And a year and a half after Mr. Johnson's death, she had married Leazer Sears.

It is necessary for a moment to record some of the children from these interlocking marriages. Uncle Perry, for instance, had three half brothers and two half sisters on the paternal side, that is there had been five older children in the family before his father married his mother: Thomas, John, George, Nancy, and Sarah, among whom Nancy alone seems to have been a vivid memory. And his mother had had three children by her first marriage to Alonzo Tuttle: Albert, whom Uncle Perry knew only as a grown man he went to visit in Ohio after the Civil War, and Laurinda and Jane, who later married the two older Sears boys. How many of these, in addition to Leazer's own offspring, set their feet under his table after Leazer married his mother, Uncle Perry couldn't

say, though he minded well enough that Old Leazer always claimed it was another fellow's good times that ate him out of house and home.

Old Leazer never did have any more than he could stuff in his pants pockets, and even then they wasn't full.

At any rate about a year after Leazer married Mrs. Johnson, when Perry was four, Leazer left his own three boys, Isaac, Ezra, and George, and two of the older girls on Judge Wescott's farm where they all were living at the time, and moved to the village with his wife and the younger children, where he began keeping store.

Eight years earlier Len Appleman had built the first store in Mud Corners. To secure help for the log rolling he had ridden over to the Indian encampment across the river from the grist mill at Mongoquinong. Len promised the chief a whole keg of whiskey for the day's work and along about sunrise the next morning there were some thirty bucks dismounting in his yard. First thing they wanted, too, was the keg of whiskey. Len set the keg out in the open, so they could see he meant to keep his word, and then he told them the first fellow that would so much as lay a hand on it he'd bash in his head with a handspike. When they were through, Len knocked in the head of the keg with his axe. The Indians nearly killed each other getting up to the keg. Some of them scooped it up with their hands. Some of them stuck their heads right down in the keg and lapped it up like a dog. Before dark every buck man of 'em was rolling in the grass, dead drunk.

Then Len and Stiles Goodsell had gone overland to Toledo, or Vistula as they called it then, with two ox teams to fetch the goods. A hundred and six miles it was one way; and it had taken them twenty-one days.

The log building was still standing when Leazer moved, but it was a blacksmith shop then. Len had built a second store along about 1850, a frame building with rough-sawed oak siding, and that was the one Old Leazer took over.

It was Uncle Perry's job to help out in the store, and the first time he really came to know who he was himself, there he was a-toting in wood for the old cast iron stove, or a-fetching rainwater for the family washing from the old uncovered hogshead standing by the back corner where it caught the water from the eaves spout.

Earlier than that he couldn't mind much, though he recalled that it was the summer they moved that he had cut off the big toe on his right foot, chopping kindling for his mother. It bled a lot, and he screamed some. His mother sent Sarah for a bandage and Old Leazer spit tobacco juice on the wound to stop the blood. Then Leazer took some fresh tobacco, wet it under the pump, and tied it onto the toe for a poultice.

He could remember, too, something of the death of his mother the next autumn, when he was five. He could mind that he felt something was wrong when his mother didn't come to supper one night nor to breakfast the next morning, and later on when Nancy took him in to see her all laid out, it came over him all of a sudden that she was dead. On the day of the funeral all of the children came up from the farm and that with the neighbors pretty well filled the little house.

"Get outside," says Leazer.

And Perry did. No one could find him when they got ready to leave for the cemetery, and it wasn't until that night when it was all over that one of the older boys happened upon him in an old empty tipped-up rain barrel into which he'd crawled and cried himself to sleep.

After his mother's death, his position in Leazer's family was rather more anomalous than before, but he stayed on with Old Leazer, who became his legal guardian, for at least another year. During that year the chore he dreaded most was going down to the farm to fetch the freshly baked bread. His own half sisters Laurinda and Jane were living on the farm then with the Sears boys and their sister, Betsy, and every Monday and Wednesday baked the family bread in the old brick oven back of the house. On those days, late in the afternoon, it was Perry's task to dog trot the two and a half miles to the farm, stuff a dozen or so loaves into a flour sack, and swinging it on his back, walk back to town. The road led down to Turkey Creek, across the bridge, and then south along the bank of the stream for three quarters of a mile, before it swung off sharp to the right for the last mile and a half to the farm.

On days when Uncle Perry got to go early in the afternoon, he didn't mind. Then he would loiter along the creek, roll up his ragged trouser legs and go wading, or if he had had time to sneak a piece of string and a broken fish hook, he might dig himself some bait and go fishing. He came to know every deep pool and spring-fed inlet along the stream, and the bushy growth of sumac and hazel gave him ample place to hide if

Leazer or one of the boys might happen along. But when Leazer did find out, he put a stop to that.

"Lazyin' and loafin' I don't allow my own children," Leazer says. "From now on if you ain't back in an hour and a half, I'll warm your butt."

Twice after that Uncle Perry forgot, and was cudgeled with the hickory stove poker. Then Leazer didn't let him go until it was late enough in the afternoon, so that if he loitered at all, it would be dark before he got back. Uncle Perry was six then, and he had heard enough stories about bobcats and wolves from listening to the men in the store, so that he was mortally afraid of being out after dark. After that he didn't need to be warned.

One day late in the summer Leazer was gone however, and his older half-sister Nancy, the one person in the household who seems to have had any special concern for Perry, allowed him to go early.

"Leazer'll be back about six o'clock," she says. "Just be sure to get back before he does."

That afternoon Perry took his string and hook along, and cutting himself a willow pole, went fishing. In one of the pools along the stream he caught a glimpse of a twelve-inch trout. Over and over he baited the hook, only to have the fish slide off the broken barb. Dusk came upon him. Suddenly before he left, he became aware of what he at first took to be a shaggy gray dog crouching in the brush on the opposite side of the stream, watching him intently. Then it came to him that it was a wolf. Dropping his pole, he crawled out through the brush and raced down the road.

It was almost dark by the time he reached the farm. While Laurinda was putting the loaves into the sack, he sought Ezra, the oldest of Leazer's boys, in the barn.

"So you're late again?" says Ezra.

"I see a wolf," says Perry.

"The old man will warm you up good and plenty tonight," says Ezra.

"I see a wolf," says Perry.

"You're a-lyin'," says Ezra. "Get on home. Ain't no wolves around here anymore."

"I be scared," says Perry.

"Get on home," says Ezra, "or I'll take a gad to you."

Perry picked up his sack and started for home. He ran all the way until he came to where the road turned and followed the creek. Then he walked along slowly, conscious of every sound in the night. He could hear the water where it rippled over the stones, and the steady hum of crickets. Halfway along the stretch he heard something move in the brush, and turning back, he saw the wolf trotting boldly into the road some distance behind him. Afraid to run, Perry stood stock-still in the road and waited. The wolf slowed up, slunk over towards the brush, and then stopped and looked at him. Perry could see the bared teeth and hear a muffled snarl. In a minute or two he started backing away very slowly up the road, and when he thought he had gone far enough, he turned around and ran, screaming for help.

He had dropped the bread, but he was too scared to think of that before he met Judge Prentiss, who came running down from his house towards the road.

"Where you going, Perry?" says Prentiss.

"I be scared," says Perry. "I see a wolf."

With that Judge Prentiss picked him up and carried him back to the house, where Mrs. Prentiss washed his face and offered him supper, which he was too sick to eat. Then Prentiss hitched his horse to the buggy to take him home. When they got ready to go, Uncle Perry remembered the bread.

"Leazer can get the damn bread himself," says Prentiss.

Leazer was right surprised when Judge Prentiss brought him into the house and didn't say a thing. Perry could see Nancy had been crying, but she didn't say anything either and took him quietly off to bed. The next morning he felt right good, he said, for when Leazer came home with the slashed and torn sack, without anything but a few crumbs in it, they knowed it was a wolf, and he didn't get the cudgeling he was expecting. Besides that it got to be quite a story, told all around, and everyone that come into the store said he'd done the right thing, and he felt himself quite a man.

"The only thing he needs now," says Joe Foos one day, a-laughing, "is to learn to chew tobacco." But Perry was ready to take that seriously.

In the interior of the store both walls were lined with wooden shelves, and in front of the shelves along the right side ran a low wooden counter. On the other side of the room wooden boxes and chests were piled one

on top of the other shoulder high, leaving an alleyway between them and the wall so you could get to the shelves. In the middle of the room sat the cast iron stove and alongside of it a big wooden box full of sawdust, which Leazer insisted his customers use for a spittoon during the winter, when a too continuous stream into the stove itself might put out the fire. Next to the counter on the right-hand side stood a huge sorghum hogshead with a wooden lid, and just above it on the counter itself lay a dozen whiskey kegs whose spigots Uncle Perry said he used to keep clean by licking them with his tongue when old Leazer wasn't watching. Directly behind the whiskey kegs in a compartment of the wooden counter Leazer kept his long twisted ropes of home-grown and home-cured tobacco. In the bottom of the compartment, waste from the cutting and stray leaves, which became unraveled, accumulated, and when Leazer was over on the other side of the store behind the boxes and chests getting something from the shelves, Uncle Perry would slip in, raise the lid quietly, and snitch some tobacco crumbs for himself. The tobacco burned his tongue some, he said, but when he could grab enough of it for a real chew, he liked to slip out of doors and, dodging around to the back of the store, direct the stream of spittle against the butt end of a log or a niggerhead stone, as he'd seen the older men do.

One day as Perry came sneaking out from behind the counter, Old Leazer happened to hear him.

"Perry!" he bellows from behind the row of boxes, where he was replacing some goods on the shelf.

Uncle Perry said he was that scared he froze to the floor and couldn't either move or answer him. Old Leazer bellowed again and then coming out to the middle of the store, he picked up the old inch-thick hickory cudgel he used as a poker for the stove.

Uncle Perry didn't know whether it was because he was that scared or whether it was because he had taken such a large chew he couldn't think of any other way to get quick rid of it, but when he saw Leazer reach for the whip, he kind of gulped, and before he knew what was happening he'd swallowed the chew.

"Are you chewin' tobacco?" Old Leazer shouts at him.

"No, sir," says Perry, finding his voice.

"Perry, if you're lyin' to me I'll take the hide right off your butt," says Leazer.

"I ain't lyin'," says Perry.

"Open your mouth!" says Leazer. "What's that stuff you been chewin'?"

"Sorghum," says Perry. "I was a-lickin' the sugar off'n that sorghum lid."

"Don't let me catch you doin' that again! You stay away from there," says Leazer. "And don't ever let me catch you chewin' tobacco. It'll make you sicker than the bite of a rattler just to touch your tongue to it."

"Yes," says Perry.

But when he had time to think a minute it worried him. He didn't dare to ask any more about it right then, but a few minutes later when Old Leazer was opening up the stove door to spit in it himself, he got up courage.

"Joe Foos says he always swallows his tobacco. What happens when you swallow it?"

"Kills you," says Leazer without turning around.

That set Perry to thinking, and the more he thought about it, the more scared he became. He knew it would make him sick all right, for his stomack was already burning like a mustard poultice, but he hadn't exactly figured it was going to kill a fellow. He knew Old Leazer would lick him if he told him what he'd done, and he knew Leazer would be sure to catch on if he got sick. So the first moment the old man turned his back, he skipped out of the door, dodged around the house when no one was looking and headed down through the timber for Turkey Creek. He knew a dozen places down by the bridge where they'd never find him.

When he got to the bank, he crawled into a thicket of hazel brush and lay down flat on the ground. He figured if he was going to get sick he'd just as soon be by himself, and if he was going to die, well, by the time they'd find him they couldn't tell whether he had been chewing tobacco or not.

But he didn't get sick. He lay out there for hours waiting for it to come on, but nothing came. Once he thought about Ezra's dog Rover and how after the dog had swallowed some rat poison, he retched and threw up all over the yard, and how Ezra said that was the only thing that had saved the dog's life. So he tried tickling his throat with a piece of weed, but even that didn't do any good. Then he just lay there and pretty soon he fell asleep.

When he woke up, it was after dark and he crawled out to the bank and followed the creek out to the road. When he got back to the house, fortunately Old Leazer wasn't at home, so he edged in the back way and wouldn't say a word to anybody where he had been. He got cudgeled the next morning for having run away, but by that time he didn't mind so much anymore.

He said he knowed by that time he wasn't going to get sick and that a chew of tobacco didn't hurt nobody. From that time on he chewed regularly, so he said, come Sunday, come Monday, every goddam day of his life.

* * *

HOW MINOT GOODSELL CAME TO BE BAPTIZED A WHIG, AND THE END OF THE MAYFLOWER LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS

Minot Goodsell always felt himself to blame for the whole thing. After all he had helped to organize the Mayflower Lodge of Good Templars. But it wasn't really his fault according to Uncle Perry.

Any damn horse'll take a drink once he gets his nose into the water —leastways he will if he's thirsty.

Minot always was a temperance fellow and Perry never saw him take a drink in his life, save a little now and then around home when he needed it or in the winter when it was cold, except for that one time in Dan Hawk's saloon in Kendalville.

And that was no more than a good joke on Minot if he could have seen it that way—leastways it was if what come of it, did come of it.

The way Uncle Perry remembered the story, was that in the late fall of '55 or '56, he wasn't quite certain which, he and Minot's boy, Gene, and Minot himself drove eighty-five head of hogs to market in Kendalville. Kendalville was sixteen miles away, the road leading down past Mud Corners to South Milford, through the three-mile stretch of Sawyer's Marsh and across the Little Elkhart, and then up over the rise and so into town. It took them three days. On the first night they stayed with the Francis family on the shore of Pretty Lake, herding the pigs in the yard around the old log barn. The next night they were down below

South Milford and camped right out in the woods along the side of the road.

The pigs were heavy, many of them weighing over three hundred pounds, and a number of them gave out along the way. When that happened, they would bring up the wagon in which Minot was following the boys, take out the endgate and, rigging up a gangway, load the pig into the wagon. By the second night nine of the pigs had been exhausted and, the wagon being full, Minot decided to drive on to Kendalville that night, unload the pigs, and return to pick up additional stragglers in the morning. During the night it began to rain a fine drizzle which turned to snow in the morning and continued until in the afternoon when they arrived in Kendalville. Having been out all night Minot and Gene were that goddam cold they had icicles in their underwear, and as soon as they got the pigs into the yard Minot told them to come on and he'd get them something to build a fire in their bellies. It was then that they went over to Dan Hawk's saloon and had a round or so of whiskey apiece, Minot standing up to the bar and drinking along with them.

While they were drinking and thawing out around the potbelly stove, Perry saw a fellow look at Minot as if he recognized him and then go outside. Sure enough in a couple of minutes he was back and along with him he had Hoss Rogers, both men laughing and joking as they came in.

"Hello, Minot," says Hoss, calling for a couple of whiskeys and then coming over to the stove. "Hello, boys. How are the Good Templars makin' out, Minot?" he says, laughing at his own joke.

"Fine," says Minot. "When you goin' to join, Hoss?"

"Join, hell," says Hoss. "Not me. That's why I got to come all the way to Kendalville to get my liquor now."

"Kind of hard on old Whiskey Butt, here," says Minot, turning to the fellow that had come in with Hoss. "He ain't ever been empty and he ain't ever been full."

"Well, you fellows get your whiskey when you want it, I see," says Hoss. "I'll lay you a bet, Minot. I'll bet a twenty-gallon keg of whiskey that if Amiziah Hood, here, was to open a saloon in Applemanburg, it wouldn't be three days till some of your lodge members would be his best customers."

"I don't think so," says Minot. But he wouldn't take the bet, and Hoss knew Minot wouldn't allow him to say any more against the Templars. He and Hoss had been friends and neighbors for nigh on twenty years then, and there hadn't been a thing in the world to come between them excepting the questions of liquor and politics. Hoss Rogers was a Whig and he could hold more liquor than any keg you could get a bung into, but a good stout fellow for all that who liked what he liked and did what he pleased. He was the best shot in the county with a muzzle-loading rifle, and, Minot always said, the first fellow up to do what needed to be done for the good of anybody in the neighborhood. And Minot Goodsell was his spit'n' image, except that Minot didn't drink and always voted Democrat.

Uncle Perry said he never understood why Minot was so opposed to liquor. Minot's father, Stiles Goodsell, had been a heavy drinking man and Minot's boys all liked their whiskey, that he knew for a fact. Many a morning he saw Marsh, the oldest one, come crawling out of the hay because he had been too drunk to find his way upstairs the night before.

But Minot was against it, and when Minot was against anything, he was harder to gee or haw than an old ox mired up to his rump. Minot and Hoss had been arguing about it for over fifteen years. Minot's handy name for Hoss was Whiskey Butt, and Hoss himself was always badgering Minot about the time he'd baptized him, as he put it. That was part of the story, too, though it had all happened a good many years before Perry was born or came to live with Minot, and what he knew he had from Hoss himself or from hearsay.

It was back in 1840 when that happened—the year of the "log-cabin and hard-cider" campaign. The Whigs had held a big rally over at Mongoquinong that fall, and even though Minot was a Democrat he had gone along with Hoss to see the fun. Minot was a young fellow then and had just been married to Ellen Dyer that spring. Hoss was only eighteen and was still living at home with his mother.

The Whigs imported a speaker from Washington, a Congressman or Senator, and the rally proved to be the biggest ever held in northern Indiana. All day long there was a steady procession of marching men, led by beating drums and waving banners. A big six-horse wagon from Angola with a canoe rigged up on top carried the brass band, and a second wagon which had come all the way from Fort Wayne—a huge

log-cabin drawn by ten horses, with smoke coming out of the chimney and filled with men in hunting shirts and coonskin caps—startled and delighted the crowd. In the afternoon there were songs and speeches, the crowd huzzaing loudly and shouting itself drunk with the chant of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," "Go it, Tip, and come it, Ty." There were games and shooting matches as well, and all day long the big bonfires roared, roasting the wild turkeys. Sam Burnside from over at Ontario set a record in hop, skip, and jump—forty-six feet, two and three-quarter inches—which hadn't been equalled since by man, fish, or kangaroo. It was Minot's estimate that there must have been close to two thousand men there before the day was over.

Late in the afternoon, when the speaking was nearly over and the Whigs were feeling hefty what with the parades and shouting, the whiskey and the fun, Ott Shephardson from over near Lima took sick to his head in John Nichols' store. In order to oblige Ott, Nichols began rubbing his head with whiskey. Nichols was a Whig and Ott was a Democrat, and some fellows in the store got to joking about it.

"Be you baptizin' him?"

"What church?"

"The Whigs," says Nichols. "I'm baptizin' Ott, here, a Whig. In the name of Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," he says, pouring on more whiskey.

That started it. In less than two minutes a dozen Whigs had grabbed mugs of whiskey and wrestled down the one or two Democrats inside the store. Then they got more whiskey and running out on the porch, they shouted to those outside: "Baptize the Democrats! Baptize 'em Whigs! Grab the Democrats! We're coming to baptize 'em!"

When the crowd outside saw what they were up to, it was like a haymow on fire. Whigs started grabbing the Democrats. Others ran to the store for more whiskey. The Democrats fought to get away and shouted to each other for help. There was lots of wrestling and some black eyes, and Nort Latta got a broken leg, and dozens of other men had their shirts and trousers torn right off their backsides.

Minot was pitching a game of horseshoes when the thing started. Being a young fellow, he didn't think many of them knew whether he was a Whig or a Democrat. He might have gotten by all right, he said later, if it hadn't been for Hoss.

"Hold on!" says Hoss when he saw him. "Here's a Democrat!"

"Shut up!" says Minot.

"Here's one!" says Hoss, making a grab for him.

And there were a dozen fellows right there to help him. Before they could get him though, Minot took to his heels and started running. Even Hoss said they had to run him all over Mongoquinong prairie before they caught him—through an old lady's garden, over a fellow's potato patch, into a cornfield and out on the other side, back along the millrace, till he sprained his ankle clearing a six-foot rail fence in Zopher Case's barnyard.

When they got him down, there wasn't a man but had spilled his whiskey, so they carried him all the way back to Nichols' store and made it a public ceremony. Hoss swore he himself knocked in the head of a twenty-gallon keg and emptied the whole damn thing on Minot's head, and when Minot got to be a temperance fellow later on, Hoss used to say he regretted every goddamn drop of it. But Minot always said it couldn't have been that much because he remembered that all the Whigs stopped to have a drink before they baptized him and Hoss himself could have downed half that much.

It took more whiskey before they were through than the old brewery at Mongoquinong could turn out in six months, and not a man from Milford township got home that night, dead drunk or otherwise. Hoss brought Minot home the next day, and when Ellen saw Hoss helping Minot into the house, she became right scared, but the only thing Hoss would tell her was that Minot had gotten himself drunk and fallen down the steps of Hezekiah Barr's saloon.

Whether it was because of what Ellen said to Minot nobody seemed to know, but from that day on Minot was more and more against liquor. And it wasn't long till there was quite a temperance feeling in the township—though whether it was all due to the rally or not it was hard to tell. Perry could remember how the womenfolks still talked about the rally when he was a boy, about how they saw their menfolks come straggling home the next day with bloodshot eyes and bruised heads, many of them bare-backed without more than a stitch of clothing to cover their privates.

It wasn't more than a couple of years later anyway until Minot and Dr. Spaulding of Applemanburg, and Judge "Stiffshirt" Prentice, and Jessie Huntsman, and a few others—there were a dozen all told—organized the Mayflower Lodge of Good Templars in order to put down the

liquor traffic in the neighborhood. It worked pretty well for a while too when they didn't do much except stay away from the saloons themselves. Then they got a good many more members and built themselves a big Mayflower hall at Applemanburg, and after that they were trying to take liquor away from everybody in the township.

When that happened, there were a good many fellows who joined the lodge for what was in it for themselves, to get elected to township and county offices, and so on, and after a while they had over a hundred and fifty members. In the summer of 1854 they closed up every saloon in Applemanburg. Almost everyone in the neighborhood was a Good Templar then except Hoss and Seth Wallace, and Seth next to Hoss was the heaviest drinking man in the country.

"Better join," says Minot to Hoss over at Applemanburg one day.

"No!" says Hoss. "I won't join the goddam thing till you can't get a drop of liquor anywhere this side of Fort Wayne. Then I may have to, for from what I hear some of you fellows got more liquor now than you allow to anyone outside."

And that was why Minot felt himself to blame that day down at Kendalville in Dan Hawk's saloon. Though no one ever knew just how much that had to do with what came to follow.

At any rate it wasn't more than a month after Hoss saw Minot in Dan Hawk's saloon till Amiziah Hood came up to Applemanburg with a big four-horse wagon loaded with whiskey and rum, and started in selling it right out in the street. When the Good Templars came down to fetch Minot to see what they could do about it, Minot said just to let Amiziah go on if there was anybody fool enough to buy it. But that didn't suit a good many of the other fellows. Some of them were for hiring a fellow to go around with an auger and bore a hole in the kegs. Others were for confiscating the entire load, saying there was a new law in the state against selling liquor in the street. And that's what they did in the end.

About four o'clock that afternoon, twenty Good Templars came sidling out of Dillie's store to where Amiziah was selling liquor. Surrounding the wagon, four of them grabbed Amiziah and carried him inside. The others climbed on the wagon, drove it up to the Mayflower Hall, and carried the liquor inside. When they brought the team back, they hoisted Amiziah up on the wagon and told him they'd give him

five minutes to get across the Turkey Creek bridge or else they'd tar and feather him. Amiziah lashed his horses into a gallop, and half the folks in Applemanburg came out to shout and huzza at him as the big wagon clattered and rumbled out of town.

But the matter didn't end there. The next question was what to do with the liquor now that it was in the possession of the Good Templars, and that wasn't an easy one. Some were for knocking in the heads of the kegs and letting the liquor run out into the street. Others were for holding a public celebration and stacking up the empty kegs for a bonfire. But still others were for saving the liquor. It might come in handy, they said, if Amiziah went to law about it, and anyway it was a shame to throw that much liquor away, and the Mayflower Hall was a good, safe place to store it until they saw what happened.

About a year later the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana held that the law against selling liquor in the streets was unconstitutional, and Amiziah no sooner found it out, than he brought suit against the Mayflower Lodge to recover his liquor. Old Elias McMahon from La Grange was judge then, and Amiziah won his case. The Templars were ordered to give the liquor back to Amiziah or else to pay for it.

But the Good Templars said they couldn't give the liquor back now, and even those that were for running it into the streets and making a bonfire of the kegs when they first got it, were against giving it up. When it came to a vote, they stood ninety-six to twenty-one against giving up the liquor. But when it got that far, Minot and some of the other fellows were so mad they quit the meeting and never went back afterwards.

Till they had time to raise the money to pay for the liquor, some of them were for giving Amiziah a note and mortgaging the hall for security, and, since it had to be paid for right away, that's what they did.

But they still had the liquor and something had to be done about that right away, some fellows said, seeing as how there were fellows who knew it was getting less and less right there in the Good Templar's hall. Finally they agreed to auction it off, allowing only members of the lodge to bid for it. On the day of the auction a big crowd collected to see the fun. But it didn't last long for when they come to find out, every single keg was either empty or half empty except one. Old Sam Buskin, himself a high mogul of the lodge then, bid off that keg and carried it down the street on his shoulder. There was some fancy bidding after that, but

many a Good Templar went away mad, because there was none left for him to buy.

After that the fellows that didn't get any of the liquor wouldn't come to lodge meeting because they were mad at the fellows that did, and soon there weren't enough members left to raise the money for the note. Six months later Amiziah foreclosed the mortgage and the Mayflower Hall came to be the biggest and best saloon in Applemanburg.

It was goddam funny the way it happened.

One thing's dead sure. Whiskey'll make a liar out of any man—leastways it will if he says he's agin it.

* * *

HOW HOSS ROGERS KILLED A MAN IN SAWYER'S MARSH, AND HOW THEY BUILT THE PLANK ROAD FROM FORT WAYNE TO LIMA

Hoss Rogers *was as fine a man as ever pulled a pair of britches over his backside.*

That was Uncle Perry's statement and by that he stood.

Hoss was a heavy-drinking man, and not a fellow in the country dared cross him when he was drunk, and there was Tom Eccles, who would rather have met the devil any day than to stand up to Rogers even if Hoss was sober.

But he wasn't a bad man, not when you knowed him. He killed a man one time down to Sawyer's Marsh, he did, and it was a long time afore he got over it.

That was in the summer of '54 or '55, when the long trains of wagons loaded with wheat met at Os Gilbert's corner for the five-day trip to the market at Fort Wayne. Eight or ten farmers would assemble there, or sometimes even as many as fifteen or twenty, each with his own load, and make the trip together. At night they would tether the horses to the wheels and roll up in their blankets under the wagons or around a campfire. But it wasn't so much that they wanted each other's company or that traveling together they could double up the teams in hard-going stretches of the road—as they would have done earlier—as it was that now they were afraid of blacklegs—the horse thieves and highway robbers along the way.

They all come with the plank road; that's what brung the blacklegs.

Before that, that is before the summer of '48 when the planking was completed, the road from Fort Wayne to Lima was no more than a slow-crawling wagon trail winding through the forest mud, in and around the numerous swamps and peat bogs. Where the road crossed the Little Elkhart, just north of Kendalville, it cut diagonally across three miles of Sawyer's Marsh, a low-lying area of swamp grass and tamarack. Here the early settlers had cut the heavier tamarack poles and laid them crosswise for a roadbed. Uncle Perry himself could remember the corduroy, and more than once, he said, he bore home a blistered backside from the jolting and rumble-tumble of the wagon.

There was many a story about Sawyer's Marsh even then. In the winter the frost would heave the tamarack logs out of the ground and the spring floods would wash them askew. Or the mud would form a slimy and treacherous ooze on top so that the oxen would slip and perhaps break a leg between the logs, or the horses would miss their footing and, bolting sideways, step off of the roadbed and mire themselves in the bog. There was the story, for instance, of Stiles Goodsell, Minot's father, who mired two yoke of oxen there in the spring of '45.

Stiles, so the story ran, was engaged by Len Appleman to haul a load of flour and salt pork to Fort Wayne. On his return he was to bring back a load of goods for the general store. The roads being fairly heavy that spring, Stiles set out early in the morning, but even so he did not reach Sawyer's Marsh until dusk. Then, though he was worried about crossing a hazardous stretch of road he had not traversed since the autumn before, he prodded the oxen forward, determined if possible to arrive at Kendalville before he stopped for the night. Halfway across the marsh he came to the most miry part of the bog. A blue mist had settled upon the tamarack and Stiles found himself enveloped in an impenetrable darkness. Alternately he tried leading the oxen, illuminating the path by the feeble light of a tallow lantern, then falling back and exhorting and prodding them from the rear. Suddenly, Stiles himself did not quite know later how it happened, the oxen veered too near the edge of the roadbed and the right wagon wheels slid off into the mire, sinking at once to the hub. Working carefully, Stiles tried to steer the oxen sharply to the left, prodding them fiercely in a hope born of desperation that the two yoke pulling together might yet right the wagon. But the oxen,

fatigued by a long, hard day, slipping and stumbling on the muddy logs, became unruly. Bellowing piteously, they plunged to the left and then, as they began slipping, more sharply to the right. The rear yoke lost its footing. At the same time the wagon slowly sank over on its side, the concerted strain pulling the leading yoke into the bog. In an effort to save them Stiles tried desperately to unyoke the oxen, but their lashing heads and the heavy floundering of their bodies endangered his own footing. Twice he himself slipped into the bog up to his waist. Seeing it was hopeless, he started for help, but there was no one nearer than Kendalville. Nor could he persuade anyone to venture a team on the Sawyer road after dark. "Wait until morning," they said, "God himself couldn't do anything out there tonight."

The next morning all four of the oxen were dead, their bodies almost submerged, the black ooze of the bog in their nostrils. In the end Stiles secured what sacks of flour and hogsheads of pork were still visible and, selling the wagon and goods to a teamster from Kendalville, returned on foot to his home.

But that was all changed by the summer of '54 and '55. Now the fifty-six miles from Fort Wayne to Lima had a solid roadbed of three-inch planking, laid side by side on ten-inch sills. Twice a week a huge stage coach thundered by, bringing mail, emigrants, and land speculators. Wagon loads of wheat and flour now made a trip in five days that had earlier taken a fortnight. Horse dealers, buying and selling among the early settlers, led and rode their mounts the length of the thoroughfare.

But it was a bad deal. That's how hell came riding into Mud Corners on planks.

With the stage coach and the horse dealers came the highwaymen and the counterfeiters. The dense tamarack growth of Sawyer's Marsh proved an ideal place to conceal the horses stolen from the countryside. Little side trails led off from the road, through the tall grass, to clearings deep in the tamarack, where the horses were herded and guarded by desperadoes of such ferocious description that no one dared for a long time to investigate the truth of the stories. Tamarack House, a tavern at the northern extremity of the marsh, became the rendezvous for a gang of swindlers, robbers, and highwaymen. And so where men had once banded together in crossing the marsh to help each other in traversing

its insecure footing, they now banded together to save themselves from the blacklegs that preyed upon the traveler.

There were a dozen stories of fellows who had gotten robbed in the marsh. One of them was a peddler whose entire pack had been taken and he himself beaten and left bruised and half-dying by the roadside. On another occasion Ed Dyer, driving a spanking team of big bays, had taken a load of wool to Kendalville. When he came out of Dan Hawk's saloon that afternoon, he found two strangers admiring his team.

"Mighty fine bays there," says one of them.

"They be," says Ed.

"I reckon you might sell 'em?" says the other fellow.

"No, I reckon not," says Ed.

"No harm in askin'," says the first one.

"No," says Ed, untying his team and climbing on the wagon.

For a moment it left him a little uneasy in his mind; then he figured they were just ordinary horse buyers; so he thought no more about it and started out for home. It got pretty dark before he got through Sawyer's Marsh and about a mile this side of the Tamarack House, he said later, he heard a couple of horsemen coming up from behind. He still didn't think anything about it till they came up close and he saw their faces were covered and that they were carrying pistols.

"Hold on!" says one of them.

"I ben't stopping," says Ed.

"All right, Jim," says the other fellow. "Grab that team. I'll take care of him." And with that he rode up close and held his pistol to Ed's face.

Ed started to shout to his horses, or leastways he said he did—but the fellow called Jim was too quick for him. He grabbed the team by the bridles, unhitched them from the wagon, threw the harness down on the highway, and then remounting his own horse, led the trotting bays off into the night.

"We'll just sit here a spell," says the other blackleg who was holding the pistol up to Ed's face.

Ed said he was hoping someone might come along then, but nobody did, and in about twenty minutes the second blackleg rode off in the opposite direction from that taken by Jim and the bays. When Ed thawed out of his scare, he ran back to the Tamarack House and told his story.

But they never found hide nor hair of the horses though a dozen men helped him to cover the countryside that night and the next day.

That's the way it was when Hoss Rogers killed a man down to Sawyer's Marsh.

As Perry remembered it, the men were on their way home from one of the wheat trips to Fort Wayne when it occurred. It was late in October, the weather was chilly, and Hoss, whom the men had elected boss for the trip, was always fond of his liquor. When they got to Kendalville, he pulled up his team. "Boys," he says, "I'm for a little whiskey in at old Dan's. I'm nigh froze stiff."

It was getting on about four o'clock then and it was still sixteen miles to Os Gilbert's corner and home, so some of the men were for going on.

They knew how Hoss was. If he got to drinkin', like as not they wouldn't get home before midnight.

But Hoss was like a mule. "No," he says, "I'm cold and I'm hungry. And a little whiskey is good fer the belly." Then he drove his big gray team up to the hitching post and stopped.

Some of the men still wanted to go on, but others began to agree with Hoss.

They were afeared of displeasurin' Hoss, and anyway a lot of them liked their whiskey as well as him.

Hoss set the drinks up for the crowd. Then they had a round or two more. After that a good many of the men were for going on home, but Hoss swore he was drinking his bellyful.

"You're sleepin' in your own bed tonight," he says, "and the old lady will like you better fer a drop o' whiskey in your belly."

But some of the men were worried. They had been five days away from their families, away from a warm bed and a good meal. Their wagons were loaded with victuals and winter clothing, they had money in their pockets, and their way home lay through Sawyer's Marsh. "Suppose," says one of them, "there's a whole gang of blacklegs a-laying fer us, enough to take everything we got?" But Hoss kept right on drinking.

When the men saw it wasn't of any use to talk to him, they rebelled. One by one they slipped out of the saloon, untied their teams, and got ready to go. When they had lined up all the wagons, Jessie Huntsman sent in a fellow to fetch Hoss, who came to the door with a bottle in his hand. When he saw what was up he was right mad.

"Well, I'll be goddamned," he says.

"It's time to go," says Jessie. "And by God, we're a-goin'. If you don't come now, we'll be a leavin' you ahind."

"Oh, you will?" says Hoss. "You goddamn polecat. You think Hoss Rogers will come sneakin' along. Go on home!" he says. "Go on home and change your britches. I'm a-comin' when I'm goddam good and ready."

"But you can't come through Sawyer's Marsh alone," says Lafe Kinsman.

"I can't?" says Hoss. "I'd as lief come through there with the devil a-ridin' my wagon as I would with any of you fellers." And with that he went inside and slammed the door.

Some of the men were for waiting, but most of them were for going on. It will teach him a lesson, they said. And those who were for staying were afraid to, and so by and by they all drove off.

It was about eight o'clock when Hoss came to himself enough to make up his mind to go home. He had been drinking steadily, but he was so angry it kind of held him up, and when he staggered out of the saloon and over to his team, there wasn't any one who dared to stop him. He had quite a time untying the horses, twice falling down—so onlookers said afterwards—but he finally got himself up on the wagon and cursing and swearing he drove off.

No one knew exactly what happened afterwards. The next morning Hoss himself could hardly mind. He said he didn't know whether he was more scared than he was angry or more angry than he was scared. He knew that he was terribly drunk, that he was goddamn mad at somebody, and that the blacklegs would likely be for robbing him in the marsh. When he came to the marsh, he took his whip—it had a long lash and a handle with a pound and a half of lead in it—and wrapping the lash around his wrist he grasped the stock in his right hand like a club.

As the wagon lumbered on over the planks, halfway through the marsh he caught on there was a fellow crawling out from under some empty sacks on the back of the wagon, where he had been hiding. Drunk as he was, Hoss sat perfectly still while the fellow crept up and reached for him. Then he turned, he said, halfway in his seat and struck the fellow one blow with the handle of the whip.

What he had done to him Hoss was too drunk to know. When the man fell he just chucked to his horses and the wagon went on rumbling over the planks. It was after one o'clock when he got home and the grays turned into their own yard, Hoss still sitting high up on the wagon, but dead to the world for all that. His son, Harry, heard him drive in, and he and his mother got Hoss off of the wagon and into bed, where he at once dropped off into a deep sleep. Then Harry went out to the barn, unhitched the horses, and fed them. By that time Os Gilbert, who lived about a quarter of a mile across the fields, had arrived. Os had sent with Hoss for a keg of whiskey, and, seeing as how he had been out of liquor for nigh on two weeks then and a-dyin' for a drink, when he saw the light in the barn, he got himself a lantern and came right over.

"Did Hoss fetch me somethin'?" says Os.

"I don't know," says Harry. "He's drunk. We put him to bed."

"Likely there's none left," says Os.

"We can see," says Harry. "It'll be in the wagon."

When they came to look for it, of course, they found the blackleg lying dead on top of the sacks where he had fallen, his head bashed in from the base of his nose to the middle of his skull. Os and Harry were that scared they forgot all about the liquor. After a hard tussle with Hoss they woke him up.

"Where'd that dead feller in your wagon come from?" says Os.

"What feller?" says Hoss, raising himself on his arm.

"Don't you know you got a feller in your wagon with his head bashed in?" says Os.

"No," says Hoss. "I hit one was a-tryin' to rob me back in the marsh. Goddamn him, I must a-knocked him right off the wagon."

"You didn't knock him off the wagon," says Os. "He's a-layin' in the back of the wagon now, and he's dead."

"Dead?" says Hoss.

"His head's bashed in," says Os.

"Well," says Hoss, "if he's dead, I killed him. Harry, you get on Dick and ride to La Grange to fetch the sheriff. Os, you'd better lay him out somewhere, out in the barn if Hattie don't want him in here. I'll think about it in the morning." And with that he lay back and went to sleep again.

The sheriff came the next morning to look at the blackleg. He was dead all right. And there wasn't anything they could find that would identify him. The sheriff rode down to Tamarack House and then on to Kendalville to ask about him, but no one seemed to know him or had ever seen him before. So the sheriff told Hoss to go ahead and bury him.

Hoss came over to Goodsell's to ask Minot to help him, and Gene and Uncle Perry went along. They dug a grave out in the apple orchard. Then Minot and Hoss carried the body out of the barn. Before they began to fill up the grave, Minot read a prayer. Then Hoss picked up the shovel, but "I see tears in his eyes," Uncle Perry said.

"Well," says Hoss, "I reckon I had a call to kill you. But I'm goddamn sorry I done it afore I even knowed your name."

THREE APPROACHES TO THE JEWISH PROBLEM

By MARVIN FOX

THOUGH THE WAR HAS ENDED for many fortunate nations, the struggle still continues in full force for the Jewish people of the world. Events have proved clearly that the defeat of Germany did not bring in its wake any final solution to the problems of the Jewish people. In Europe conditions are still desperately bad. Surrounding Palestine there is much strife. In Tripolitania Jews are massacred and in Cairo synagogues are defiled and Scrolls of the Law burned. In the Argentine anti-Jewish rioters enjoy a field day of brutal violence while the police look on, only to arrest the beaten victims after it is all over. Even in America anti-Semitism continues to gain strength under the tender care of Gerald L. K. Smith and his many colleagues. The end of the war brought to the Jewish people a plethora of kind words, faithful promises, and public expressions of sympathy. It has made very little real difference in their general conditions.

What we normally refer to as the Jewish problem was not brought on by the war or by the racial laws of Nazi Germany. These events served to place the Jew in the headlines, thus bringing him into the consciousness of many who were otherwise almost unaware of his existence and certainly unconcerned with his problems. But the problems themselves are among the oldest and most persistent that the Western world has had to deal with. Since very ancient times the Jew has been a trouble spot in our society. Though the causes may have varied from age to age and country to country the fact of anti-Semitism remained always the same. Hostility to the Jew has existed and continues to exist in almost every civilized nation. Its form is not always violent but its presence is nevertheless an unquestioned fact. The reaction of Jews to this problem is hardly uniform, yet one characteristic is practically universal among Jewish people today. This is the desire to find some sort of workable solution to the problem of Jewish-Gentile relations which has plagued

us for so many centuries. In this desire Jews are joined by a very great number of liberal and public-spirited individuals of other religious faiths. The actual elimination of anti-Semitism is a project much too large for Jews alone to handle. The most serious thought among Jews today is concerned with establishing a *modus vivendi*. Jews want to know how to plan their lives so as to suffer least from the hostility of their neighbors. At the same time they want to be sure that the path they follow will not sacrifice their personal happiness or moral integrity to the desire for social acceptance and economic security.

If a clear understanding of Jewish problems is to be gained certain misconceptions must first be cleared up. In almost every instance the discussion of how Jews are to make their way in our kind of society begins with an analysis of the famous question, "What are the Jews, race, nation, or religion?" The popular belief seems to be that this is a matter of great practical importance on whose correct understanding everything else is dependent. Yet experience seems to indicate the question is trivial and that there is more disagreement over terminology than over fact. Perhaps the problem is filled with interest for purely academic minds. It is difficult to see how its answer can seriously affect the choice of an intelligent course for Jews to follow.

Assuming that it were conclusively proved that Jews are a racial group would that make prejudice legitimate? If Jews are a nation, a nationality, a cultural group, a religious civilization, or what have you, should their status in Western society be determined on this basis? The bigot hates the Jew irrespective of what label he may wear. There has been no visible lessening of anti-Semitism in America now that Hitler's racial theories have been proved completely unscientific. A blind and irrational prejudice is not dependent on science for its support. At the same time men who are true liberals cannot be influenced in their relations with other human beings (even Jews) by their cephalic index or the texture of their hair. Similarly irrelevant are such matters as the religious preferences or national origins of a given individual. The sociologist's descriptive definition of the Jewish group can hardly be credited with causing anti-Semitism, and it is highly doubtful whether the malady will be cured by determining that the Jews are race, nation, or religion.

Just as the question is of little consequence to the anti-Semite so is it of minor interest to the Jew himself. Will the Jewish group change its very character if it is called by one name rather than another? Jews are what they are in all of their many variations and are not likely to undergo any major metamorphosis in order to fit a predetermined pattern which is supposedly their own. Irrespective of what name may be used to designate them certain facts are currently true of the Jewish people. (1) The Jews are a distinct, visible and recognizable social entity within the groups among whom they live. (2) The Jews are thought of as a particular social unit by most non-Jews, and in most instances they think of themselves in these terms as well. The best testimony to this is the constant use of such phrases as "the Jewish community," "the Jewish people," "Jewry at large," by both Jews and Gentiles. (3) The Jewish people are bound together by a common history, common traditions, and usually a common destiny. Their cultural heritage and religious faith emphasize the unity of Israel. (4) They are nevertheless good citizens of the lands in which they live, and are perfectly capable of maintaining amicable relations with their non-Jewish neighbors. Whatever name is used to describe the Jew these facts are true of him. Define him as you will, his nature still remains unchanged.

Our problem is to find the best way to deal with existing circumstances. We know that the Jew has been forced to live in a hostile world for many generations. What method shall he now follow in order to gain security, decent and dignified acceptance by his fellows, and the fullest self-realization? The correct answer to these questions is the most deeply debated issue in Jewish life today.

One school of thought holds that the only future for Jews lies in assimilation, or as it is known in its present-day guise—integration. We are told that the great difficulty in Jewish-Gentile relations in the democratic nations is that the Jews still remain a recognizable bloc. When the Jews were emancipated in France they were given a wonderful opportunity to merge with the people of their country. This same opportunity was repeated in all the liberal countries of Central and Western Europe, as well as in the United States. But, say the assimilationists, for some strange reason the Jew was a perverse, stiff-necked creature and refused to avail himself of the kindness of the nations. Consequently, he continued to suffer, and hatred of the Jew gained strength in those coun-

tries down to the very present day. Even now, however, the chance to assimilate or integrate still exists. If Jews are wise and seize the opportunity they will save themselves and bring peace and security to their children. Should they continue in their present policy of emphasizing and seeking to maintain their separateness a dismal future awaits them.

Now we must ask just what is meant by assimilation. Surely the proponents of this theory cannot mean religious assimilation. It would be most unfair to deny the Jew religious freedom while granting it to all other people. No one who calls himself a devotee of human liberty and democracy could consider for a moment abridging the religious freedom of any group of people. Such an act would be a direct negation of all the liberal progress which the Western world has made since the American Revolution. In addition, one of the staple elements of assimilationist thought is that Judaism is only a religion and Jews merely communicants in a religious faith. Obviously it would be impossible in the face of such a position for them to mean by assimilation, religious assimilation into the dominant faith.

It is sometimes thought that the assimilationist's purpose is to make the Jew exactly like his neighbors in all things except religion. Such a view can hardly be held in the face of commonly known facts. No one would deny that Jews are as much a normal part of the lands in which they live as any other group of people. In America Jews speak the same language as others. They go to the same schools, enjoy the same amusements, wear the same kind of clothes, and live the same kind of life. Their loyalty and patriotism is beyond question and their record of service to the nation in war and in peace is a proud and honorable one. From the earliest days of American history they have been integrated into the very lifeblood of our country. And what has been true of America has similarly been true of every other nation in the world where Jews were granted equal rights and citizenship. In France, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, and elsewhere Jews were an integral part of the nation. What then is the meaning of the demand for assimilation? If it does not refer to religious assimilation or to the general adaptation of Jews to the atmosphere in which they live, to what does it refer?

A careful reading of assimilationist literature reveals the hope that Jews will completely disappear as a separate and distinguishable group. It is the assimilationist's desire to see the Jew completely amalgamated

with the majority group among whom he lives. How this is to be accomplished while Jews retain a separate religion is an unsolved mystery. According to this theory it will somehow happen if the Jews only want it, and they ought to want it with all their hearts. Only in this way will relief be found from anti-Semitic prejudice. There is no other way for Jews to adjust adequately to present-day social conditions.

The first question we raise is that of the justice of such a demand on the Jews. In a democratic society it is most unfair to ask only one group of people to lose its identity while all others go on as they were. There are many nations (e.g., Belgium and Switzerland) where a number of ethnic groups live side by side though they have completely different cultures, languages, religions, and ways of life. As long as they retain a single political allegiance they manage to get along successfully, and we applaud their efforts as democracy in action. Even in America the great melting-pot has not really melted. People are still conscious of the lands from which they or their ancestors came. Culture groups of various sorts have persisted and are accepted as a normal part of the American pattern. No one thinks of demanding their dissolution or feels that their members are not acceptable citizens. Why should the Jewish people be treated in any different fashion? Jews, like all other people, have the right to retain their identity, and no one has the moral authority to insist that their safety is dependent on their self-obliteration.

The next issue which arises is that of the possibility of such complete assimilation. Historically it has never been successful even where it was tried. Germany remains the classic example of this fact. Its Jews were the most completely intermarried, integrated, and assimilated of any nation in the world. Yet when Hitler came to power, people with a single Jewish grandparent were classified as "non-Aryans." The label "Jew" seems to have a persistent quality which makes it stick even against the will of those who bear the name. No matter how completely a Jew may try to escape his origins, he usually finds it next to impossible. Even if he should be temporarily successful he still is not really protected from the fury of any future attack. From this we conclude that we have no right to ask Jews to assimilate completely, that even if we do demand it of them social pressures make it impossible, and that even where it appears for the time that assimilation has been complete that still is not a guarantee of protection against the anti-Semite.

Some of the principles and policies of the assimilationist group will shed further light on their viewpoint. Assimilationists insist that Jews are only a religious group and absolutely not a race or a nation. Nationalism, at least of the Jewish variety, is anathema to them, for they feel that in great measure anti-Semitism persisted into the twentieth century because of Jewish nationalistic ideas. However, even if one grants their contention that Jews are only a religious group the nationalistic elements in Judaism are still not eliminated. Jewish religion as it is understood and practiced by the vast majority of its adherents contains nationalistic or folk elements which cannot be glossed over. Festivals like Passover, Chanuka, and Purim are certainly more than rituals of ethical monotheism. The faith of Israel is closely bound up with the people of Israel. Rabbinic tradition long ago recognized that both are parts of an indivisible unity. Perhaps it would be less offensive to sensitive ears if the term "folk" or "people" were substituted for "nation," but the reality would still remain unchanged.

Another constant effort of the assimilationist groups is to insist that Jews are in no way (except for their religion) "different" from their neighbors. This unceasing emphasis on Jewish sameness, and the never-ending demand that the Jew must not be different ought to be repugnant to everyone devoted to the realization of American ideals. Certainly being different is no crime in a free nation where the dignity of the individual human being is fully recognized. There are all kinds of differences among people in America which we think of as adding charm to our country rather than making for strife within it. Men are encouraged within the framework of American society to use their differences in order to give to America the best that every people has to offer. No democracy is basically sound unless within its borders different kinds of people can live side by side peacefully and harmoniously with mutual respect for each other's differences. To demand uniformity as the basis for unity is to yield to the pressure of totalitarian reaction, even if the demand is made only of Jews. This kind of solution of the Jewish problem, if it were feasible, would simply mean moral bankruptcy for democracy.

Any American Jew who wants to lose his Jewish identity should be able to do so as of right. However, to demand such action as the only way to achieve Jewish security does not solve the Jewish problem at all, and might lead to worse rather than better conditions for all of us. So

long as America is truly free all of its citizens can have hope. Once it yields to the forces of reaction the Jew will certainly be among the first to be doomed, and others will undoubtedly follow.

II

At the opposite extreme from the assimilationist position is that of classical Zionism or as we shall refer to it, maximal Zionism. It must be noted that when attacks are launched by the assimilationist group on Zionism it is ordinarily this kind of Zionism that they mean, even though usually the attack is levelled against the successor of the classic Zionist position, namely present-day American Zionism. There is a vast difference between the American brand of Zionist thought and its European forerunner. Some of the assimilationist objections to Zionism may be valid, often are valid, of the older Zionism, but have not even a remote application to Zionism in America.

Maximal Zionism is a view of Jewish life in the Diaspora and a proposal for the solution of its problems which holds to the following theses: (1) Jews are an alien element in every country in which they live and are almost completely unassimilable. (2) Even if they could be assimilated they do not and should not want to lose their own group integrity. To yield to the pressure of anti-Semitism by committing group suicide would be moral cowardice. In addition it would mean depriving society for all time of whatever distinctive contribution the Jewish people are capable of making, and depriving the Jew of one of the most important elements in his life. (3) Anti-Semitism is a permanent phenomenon of our society which cannot be eradicated. Its causes are implicit in the alien character of the Jewish group and will remain so long as the Jew remains. This means that there can be no end to Jewish suffering in the countries of the Diaspora. (4) The obvious conclusion is then that Jews can save themselves and achieve security only by leaving the countries in which they now live and forming a state of their own. In their own state they will have dignity and status. By removing themselves from the midst of a hostile world they will eliminate by default the problem of anti-Semitic prejudice. Every effort toward the solution of the Jewish problem should be concentrated on the establishment of a Jewish State and on the migration to that state of the Jews of the world. No other solution is feasible.

The maximal Zionist solution arose as a result of the historical experience of the Jewish people in Europe. After their emancipation at the end of the eighteenth century Europe's Jewry was filled with great hope for the future. For the first time in many centuries they had been granted citizenship and all other equal rights. They were considered part of the nations among whom they lived and the happy possibilities of the future seemed almost unlimited. If any group had faith in the effective progress of the liberal movements European Jewry was that group. Imagine, then, the double bitterness and disappointment of these very same Jews when they found that paper equality does not necessarily mean real equality. They soon realized that the emancipation had not uprooted anti-Semitic prejudice from among the people. As history later proved it had not even removed it from government and official circles. The progress of the first days of emancipation seemed only an illusion for it was followed by waves of hatred and persecution sometimes even stronger than before. Early Zionism was a reaction to the tragic fate of European Jewry during the seemingly hopeless days of the nineteenth century.

Theodore Herzl, the father of modern political Zionism, came to his conclusions on the Jewish problem as a result of the circumstances which have been described. Herzl was a reporter on a Vienna newspaper, one of the supposedly "assimilated" Jews of his day. Like others of his type he knew little and cared less about his people. He was convinced that the new progressive world had brought with it an end to all Jewish problems. However, being a sensitive and intelligent person he was capable of a quick change of attitude when the facts seemed to warrant it. Herzl's visit to the famed Dreyfus trial in France left him depressed and concerned. In liberal progressive France he saw mass demonstrations against the Jew, and in a court of justice found a man condemned to terrible punishment though his only crime was that he was born of Jewish parents. This experience started Herzl on a train of thought and investigation which culminated in the writing of the *Judenstaat,* the famed pamphlet which opened his Zionist career. His estimate of the Jewish situation is clearly seen in the following classic statement of the maximal Zionist position.

> I shall now put the Jewish Question in the surest possible form: Are we to "get out" now? And if so, to what place?

> Or, may we yet remain? And if so, how long?
>
> Let us first settle the point of staying where we are. Can we hope for better days, can we possess our souls in patience, can we wait in pious resignation till the princes and peoples of this earth are more mercifully disposed towards us? I say that we cannot hope for a change in the current of feeling. And why not? Were we as near to the hearts of princes as are their other subjects, even so they could not protect us. They would only feed popular hatred of Jews by showing us too much favor. By "too much," I really mean less than is claimed as a right by every ordinary citizen, or by every race. The nations in whose midst Jews live, are all either covertly or openly anti-Semitic.[1]

Leo Pinsker, another of the early Zionist leaders and thinkers, notes very much the same thing in his essay entitled "Auto-Emancipation." In a striking paragraph he describes the hopelessness of Jewish life in the Diaspora.

> If the basis of our reasoning is sound, if the prejudice of the human race against us rests upon anthropological and social principles, innate and ineradicable, we must look no more to the slow progress of humanity, and we must learn to recognize that as long as we lack a home of our own, such as the other nations have, we must resign for ever the noble hope of becoming the equals of our fellow-men. We must recognize that before the great idea of human brotherhood will unite all the peoples of the earth, milleniums must elapse; and that meanwhile a people which is at home everywhere and nowhere, must everywhere be regarded as alien. The time has come for a sober and dispassionate realization of our true position. With unbiased eyes and without prejudice we must recognize in the mirror of the nations the tragi-comic figure of our people, which, with distorted countenance and maimed limbs, helps to make universal history, without having decently finished its own little history. We must reconcile ourselves, once and for all, to the idea that the other nations, by reason of their eternal, *natural* antagonism, will forever reject us.[2]

This, then, is the position of maximal Zionism. The only hope for the Jew is to find his place in a Jewish State, far removed from the attacks of the anti-Semite and the injustices of an unfriendly world.

How much of this position is still applicable to our time and how widely is it accepted by Jewish people? Most Zionists still feel that the statements of Pinsker and Herzl are as true of Europe today as they were at the time of their writing. The desperate situation of the last

[1]Theodore Herzl, *The Jewish State,* (New York, 1943), pp. 32-33.

[2]Leo Pinsker, *Road to Freedom,* (New York, 1944), pp. 90-91.

remnants of European Jewry is too well known to need repetition. Hitler's regime was the final proof of the validity of maximal Zionist theories not only in the mute testimony of six million dead Jews, but even more in the living testimony of those who have remained. Europe is filled with anti-Semitism in such way as to be almost hopeless for the Jew. Even Dr. Benes of Czechoslovakia, whose good faith no one questions, was forced to state that there is no place for Jews in his country, and that anti-Semitism in Europe will not be solved until the Jewish people have a land of their own.[3] Perhaps it is true, as some assert, that Jews in Europe have a moral responsibility to stay on in order to help usher in the age of human equality. Perhaps it is true that the heroic thing for them to do is to force the issue of anti-Semitism to a final showdown in all of Europe. Perhaps it is true. But to this possible truth one can only respond that it is easy to be heroic with someone else's life. To force Jews to remain against their will among the horrible memories of Europe's ruins, to force them to return to the scenes of the brutal slaughter of their loved ones is a kind of cruelty which no civilized nation should be capable of. Those who want to remain should certainly have that privilege, but those who want to leave have a moral demand to make on the United Nations which cannot be ignored. They have come to believe in the maximal Zionist viewpoint and they are joined in some measure by most of their American brothers.

What do American Jews think of the maximal Zionist position? They sincerely believe (at least the overwhelmingly great majority do, as has been shown by a recent Roper poll) that for their brothers in Europe the only decent solution is emigration to a Jewish State with Palestine serving as the land to receive them. A very small minority feel that what was true of Europe is equally true of America, and that ulti-

[3]This statement was made in an interview to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency on August 12, 1945. Dr. Benes said: "Establishment of a Jewish Home in Palestine is a necessity for all nations because anti-Semitism is a regrettable but practically inevitable social phenomenon. It will not vanish till the creation of a Jewish country granting citizenship to all Jewry. It would be difficult to repatriate all Jews there, but it could be done soon at least for the European Jews. Those who do not leave for Palestine ought to be assimilated completely to the people of the country they want to live in, or live there as citizens of a foreign state." Quoted in *Commentary*, Vol. 1, No. 1, November, 1945, p. 33.

mately America's Jewish citizens will also be forced to leave this land. Another small group feels that even if we have security in America, it is nevertheless not the place for them. They can be happy only with a completely Jewish life in a completely Jewish atmosphere. Full self-realization is impossible for them under any other conditions. Both of these groups live in the hope of going to Palestine, there to begin a new life. Whatever their motives it should be their right in a truly democratic society to live where they will be happiest. Once the political problems surrounding Palestine are settled people of this sort ought to be given every kind of help in order to get to the one place in the world where they feel they can live as they like.

For the most part, however, the maximal Zionist position is rejected by American Jews. The greatest criticism that can be levelled at this view of the Jewish problem is that it is a hopelessly pessimistic one. It is true that in Europe we are willing to yield to this pessimism simply because we dare not gamble with a handful of broken human lives. But in America where democracy has been reasonably successful there is every reason to have hope for the future. If the maximal Zionist position is correct then by implication the processes of democracy can never achieve their goal. We would be forced further to conclude that human nature is incurably bad with no hope for its ever improving. Men would then be evil by nature so that all attempts to better the lot of humanity generally would be absolutely futile. There may be much evidence to support such an attitude, especially in many of the disillusionments of the postwar world. However, no Jewish person who is in line with the traditions of his people can grant such a view. The perfectability of man in this life is among the cherished beliefs of the Jewish faith. The prophets' conviction that "in the end of the days" men will have learned the ways of peace and that love will reign supreme is still a cornerstone of Judaism. Judaism cannot accept the evil in the world as an eternal and ineradicable force. We sympathize with those of our people who are so completely overcome with fear and frustration as to need to seek rest from the trials of a hostile world. We understand the motives of those who seek to live a completely Jewish life in a Jewish land. We nevertheless insist that the maximal Zionist position is wrong. It is the firm conviction of most Jews that in any basically good society the Jew can take his place with all men, and that America is potentially such a society.

III

Neither of these extreme positions is held by the great majority of American Jews. They reject both assimilationism and maximal Zionism because both lack faith in the democratic process. Most Jews feel certain that they can live in America as Jews without fear and insecurity. By effecting a synthesis between the extremes which have been described American Jews are able to retain the best features of both. They share with their assimilationist brothers the intense desire to remain in America for they feel their own future to be bound up with the future of our country. At the same time they possess the maximal Zionist's conviction that the only really acceptable life for them is a Jewish life. For want of a better term we shall refer to this third approach to the Jewish problem as survivalism, the desire to survive as Jews while living in a democratic nation and the conviction that it can be done.

Implicit in assimilationism and maximal Zionism is the conviction that so long as Jews remain in a predominantly non-Jewish world they cannot have security and are never free from fear. They differ from each other only in the way in which they react to the problem, the maximal Zionist by running away to another land, and the assimilationist by running away from himself. Survivalism differs not only in its program of action but in the ideas on which that program is based. In a truly democratic society every people has an assured place. Though there is still hostility to the Jew in America there is no reason to think that Jews cannot overcome this barrier and build a happy life for themselves in this country. As a matter of fact they have done so. The Jew cannot control anti-Semitism, but he can so order his life as to make it of little consequence to him. He couples this kind of Jewish life with a great deal of trust in the vitality of the American ideal. In America the Jew need have no fear for his future.

The first purpose of the survivalist is to strengthen Jewish life in America. This means that he has to make Jewish religion more vital, Jewish culture fuller and more meaningful, and Jewish ideals stronger than they have been up to the present. In the successful achievement of this goal he envisions no conflict with any aspect of American life. Survivalists know full well that America is not built on the destruction of minority groups within its fold. Instead, in the words of Justice Brandeis,

"America has believed that we must not only give to the immigrant the best that we have, but must preserve for America the good that is in the immigrant and develop in him the best of which he is capable. America has believed that in differentiation, not in uniformity, lies the path of progress."[4] The advancement of Judaism in America is made even easier by the fact that Israel and America are so nearly one in spirit. Rarely does one find two cultures so far apart in age and places of origin yet so close in all that is important. Jewish conceptions of morality, of brotherhood, of social justice, and of righteousness, have been incorporated into the foundation stones of American law. Teachings of our common religious tradition are accepted by America as the most reliable authority in the development of ideal relationships among men. The most honored sons of Israel and of America are the men who have given most for the cause of human freedom. For these reasons survivalists are convinced that in becoming better Jews they are also becoming better Americans. An America which is true to itself will eagerly welcome the contributions to our society which such Jews can make. Such a program might arouse the ire of the anti-Semite, but true patriots will be ready to take the chance. We cannot plan our lives as Jews or Americans on the basis of what bigots demand, for in so doing we would destroy both Judaism and Americanism. Again we turn to the words of Justice Brandeis for the perfect summation of the survivalist attitude and program.

> There is no inconsistency between loyalty to America and loyalty to Jewry. The Jewish spirit, the product of our religion and experiences, is essentially modern and essentially American. Not since the destruction of the Temple have the Jews in spirit and in ideals been so fully in harmony with the noblest aspirations of the country in which they lived.
>
> America's fundamental law seeks to make real the brotherhood of man. That brotherhood became the Jewish fundamental law more than twenty-five hundred years ago. America's insistent demand in the twentieth century is for social justice. That also has been the Jews' striving for ages. Their affliction as well as their religion has prepared the Jews for effective democracy. Persecution broadened their sympathies. It trained them in patient endurance, in self-control, and in sacrifice. It made them think as well as suffer. It deepened the passion for righteousness.
>
> Indeed loyalty to America demands rather that each American Jew become a Zionist. For only through the ennobling effect of its strivings can

[4]Louis D. Brandeis, *Brandeis on Zionism* (Washington, 1942), p. 10.

> we develop the best that is in us and give to this country the full benefit of our great inheritance. The Jewish spirit, so long preserved, the character developed by so many centuries of sacrifice, should be preserved and developed further, so that in America as elsewhere the sons of the race may in the future live lives and do deeds worthy of their ancestors.[5]

This spirit of the greatest of the survivalists still gives hope and purpose to large numbers of American Jews today.

Since survivalism is so closely identified with American Zionism a word should be said about the relationship of Jews of this persuasion to the Jewish settlement in Palestine. Survivalist Jews are deeply interested in Palestine and devote much effort to the solution of the thorny problems surrounding that little country and its Jewish settlers. Out of a natural concern for the welfare of their less fortunate brothers they think of Palestine as a haven of refuge for Jews who need to go there. But the place of Palestine in the hearts of survivalists does not depend on philanthropy alone. A Jewish Palestine is of the greatest personal importance to American Jews. It is the land of their ancestors which has been sanctified by the great events in Israel's history which took place there. In Israel's prayers, in his feasts and in his fasts, Palestine is still the Holy Land. Yet it has an even more direct and pertinent importance to present-day American Jewry. In the full Jewish life of the community in Palestine American Jews have a source of spiritual strength and cultural inspiration. The ideal Jewish environment thrives on the application of the fundamentals of Jewish living to the needs of the modern world. With each step forward in Palestine the lives of American Jews are enhanced. Survivalists hold that because there is a Jewish settlement in Palestine the Jewish people of America are able to be better Jews, and therefore better Americans.

With increased strength coming to them from Jewish Palestine, American Jews who are survivalists feel completely confident that their understanding of Jewish problems and their way of dealing with them will be eminently successful. The anti-Semite in America puts little fear in their hearts for they are convinced that American democracy will find the way to eliminate hatred and discrimination from among its citizens. In spite of every attack from without they are able to live freely and

[5] *Ibid*, pp. 29-30.

happily for they know that in the most important sense they are being good Jews and good Americans.

Assimilationism, survivalism, and maximal Zionism, these are the methods by which Jews in America feel that they can adjust to their own environment. These are also the ways in which they approach the problems of Jewish people in other countries. There are numerous other suggested programs, but in almost every instance they are merely variations of one of these three. It may not be given to us, in our lifetime, to know which program is ultimately the wisest. We can only hope that in a peaceful and democratic world every Jew will be granted the opportunity to try whichever of the three ways he thinks is best.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT AND THE FUTURE OF GREECE

By HORACE M. KALLEN

As a geographic and social fact America and American life consist of very complex, very various, and in many respects very contradictory and competitive processes. As a spirit, as the idea of a way of life, as a fighting faith, America struggles to embody the simple principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence and projected by means of the Constitution and its Amendments. At bottom these primary texts of the "Bible of America" express the abiding faith that people who are different from each other can live together in equal liberty and in such order that each lives and grows more safely, more abundantly, and more freely than he could if he lived by himself alone. This faith embraces all human relations: relations between individuals and associations of individuals, between churches, nations, states, and other societies. It has drawn into our national being all the creeds and cultures and races of the civilized world. It has orchestrated their multitude and variety into the oneness of the United States of America and has shaped a Union whose wealth and power and liberties are the hope of its friends and the fear of its foes. Restated in the form of The Four Freedoms this faith is extended to each and every individual in the world. Restated in the form of the Atlantic Charter it defines a good-neighbor policy for the world. Restated in the form of the charter for the organization of the United Nations of the World, this faith aspires to implement the good-neighbor policy by means of a positive law of nations. Affirming that the life of peace is freedom and that the guarantee of freedom is law, the faith undertakes to naturalize this freedom in all the institutions and organizations by means of which men express their thoughts and give effect to their actions. In a word, it undertakes to naturalize democracy in all the world's human associations—in religion, in government, in the arts and sciences, in education, in economic enterprise.

Democracy is a Greek word. Although it means more in our time than it meant in the time of Pericles or Plato, the organization of human

relations which it names was first consciously attempted and defined and interpreted in the time of Pericles and Plato. The *Funeral Oration,* which Thucydides put in the mouth of Pericles, is still an apt envisagement of democracy, and the famous "glory that was Greece" was, by comparison with all else that was Greece, the glory of a democracy. It is true, of course, that the mightier power of its foes beat it down, that they imposed on it in succession the Spartan, the Macedonian, the Roman, the Byzantine, and the Moslem tyrannies. But the memory of its past actuality became an ideal for a future to actualize. The historians and philosophers of its Athenian prime became inspiration of the new birth of liberty in the spirit of man which we call the Renaissance and the Reformation. The men of those and later times drew from them, in America as in Europe, direction and nourishment. The Greek experience underlay the fighting faith of the makers of the Democratic Revolution which brought to birth the truer democracy of the modern world.

It was not long before this revolution brought its vision of democracy and the democratic way of life back to the modern descendants of the ancient Greeks. Between those old Greeks and the new the distance was cultural, not economic. The makers of "the glory that was Greece" were as poor as and poorer than their descendants. But the spirit of their descendants had been overlaid by the doctrines and disciplines of the tyrannies that superseded Athenian liberty. To win the old freedom and to make it apt for the modern world, they needed restoration to the old springs. They sought it, they got it. Adamantios Korais, living and working in Paris, reprinted volume after volume of the great classics, each with a patriotic introduction calling his people to liberty. In Paris he sought out Thomas Jefferson and made Greek freedom a lasting interest of the author of the Declaration of Independence. Following the war for Greek independence, he sought Jefferson's advice concerning the shaping of a new Greek democracy. Jefferson replied at length. He accompanied the plan of government which Korais had requested with a long letter, emphasizing American sympathy with the "holy cause" of Greek freedom and the Greek desire to possess "the combined blessings of liberty and order" such as were the lot of his own United States. Especially he congratulated Korais on his undertaking to restore the ancient books to present relevance. "You have certainly begun at the right end toward preparing your countrymen for the great object they are now contending

for, by improving their minds and qualifying them for self-government. . . . Nothing is more likely to forward this object than a study of the fine models of science left by their ancestors to whom *we* also are indebted for the lights which originally led ourselves out of Gothic darkness."

The story of modern Greece may be interpreted as a struggle to assimilate the ancient ideals of liberty and modern conditions of life and thought. In language and literature, in education, in creative enterprise it received expression as the conflict between the purists who aimed to conform the living present to the lapsed past, and the spokesmen for the live culture of the people whose desire is to restore the past to life by nourishing with it the works and ways of today's Greeks. The struggle developed in the frame of reference of "The Great Idea"—the idea to deliver all Greek-speaking people from their subjection, whether to the Turk, the Bulgar, the Albanian, the Englishman or the Italian—and to unite them all into one free nation.

The two undertakings—the inner renaissance of the free Greek spirit and the outer union of the liberated Greeks—were launched against seemingly insuperable obstacles. Greece had always been a poor agricultural country, a land of barren rocks and hills, no forests, insufficient water, with a pitifully undeveloped economy for such natural resources as Greece had. Her less than 6,000,000 peasants and artisans and traders are a people accustomed to a way of life at or below the level of subsistence, unable to produce even all the grain they need for their own nourishment. Such water as they have was and is wasted, such products as they can export do not, perhaps can not, balance the imports. The generations of Greeks paid a very high price for national independence and sovereignty. They became now citizens, now subjects, of a debtor country whose foreign obligations—the creditors are mostly British—it cost more to service than that of any other country in Europe. The succession of unstable "republics" and monarchies under whose rule they lived seemed less competent to serve their economic and spiritual needs than to exploit them for the sake of the foreign creditor and the domestic "elite." The tax system has been consistently such as to throw the tax burden on those least able to bear it; the tariffs consistently such as to penalize the consumer for the special benefit of the foreign concessionnaire and the native investor. Nevertheless, such industries as have grown

up, for the most part, since the resettlement of refugees from Turkey and elsewhere after World War I are far from fully employing their capacity to produce. For example, Greece has a capacity of 2,250,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric energy; her entire economy used 220,000,000 only.

That in the circumstances government should have been unstable, democracy doubted, and tyranny mistaken for strength was natural enough. The history of Greece between the two wars is a symptom and warning that, as Pericles pointed out in his *Funeral Oration* and Plato unwittingly established in the first book of his *Republic,* justice or inner union is outer strength only when that union is a consequence of free consent and participation, not the application of force by a minority of the people to the majority. The Metaxas dictatorship, which the British creditor favored, was a direct consummation of the successive political upheavals that followed from ignoring this basic rule of human association.

It is significant that Metaxas took into his own hands the control of public education, that he made it more expensive for everybody, that he organized his own version of Hitler Youth, the *Neolaia,* that he encouraged child-espionage at home and in school, that he set up a secret police who arrested people for showing any interest in even the word "democracy," that he set up a censorship which among other things expunged passages from Sophocles' *Antigone* and Plato's *Republic* which denounce tyranny, and the *Funeral Oration* from Thucydides' *Peloponnesian War.* The dictator knew that ideas are weapons. Being Prussian-trained, he did not know what Jefferson did know, that the idea of freedom is "inherent and unalienable," that it could never be destroyed, nor even be suppressed. Nor was it ever successfully suppressed among the Greek people. Under Metaxas, the tradition of resistance to tyranny took form in the creation of the Popular Front of 1936. Until Mussolini's cowardly attack on the Greek nation, the democrats of Greece worked underground. When Metaxas died they emerged as the true soldiers of the heroic war in which battles were lost against superior numbers and armament, but in which the Greek free man never accepted defeat or ceased fighting. When the Nazis infested their country and they could no longer fight as soldiers, they went underground and fought as guerillas. Hounded by the enemy, decimated by hunger and disease, they never stopped until the invader was driven out of their land.

II

But no sooner was the invader driven out than the war against a genuine freedom for the plain people of Greece was renewed. The influence of the nation's chief creditors was immediately directed toward the restoration of the monarchy and the establishment of a government that would be sure to resume the high interest payment on the foreign debt. In 1932 the Republican government had stopped these payments and this, authorities declared, had been a major reason for the creditors' favoring of Metaxas. Opposition to the National Liberation Front thus was a union of two interests—vested privilege expressed by toryism and monarchism at home, and financial prerogative represented by tory power from abroad. Spokesmen for the latter, conspicuously Winston Churchill, found it necessary to abuse such American correspondents as Frank Gervasi of Collier's, who wrote impartial reports concerning EAM and ELAS. Currently all democratic adjustment and honest elections in Greece are being steadily forestalled. While the forces of the people have been disarmed, their monarchist opponents, according to American correspondent Hal Lehrman, are taking control of the army and the police.

So the political struggle continues in Greece, and the shedding of fraternal blood does not cease. To outsiders bred to the democratic tradition there is something hollow and fantastic in the situation. The Greek people have suffered as none other save the Jews. Their total number has been decreased by thirteen per cent. Ninety thousand have been horribly murdered by the enemy and his collaborators; fifty thousand died in guerrilla combat. During the Nazi occupation and after, famine rode the land; three per cent of the Greek people died of starvation, almost the entire population is sick from malnutrition. Close to twenty per cent have no roof to cover them, for of the 6,500 villages where they lived before the war, 1,400 have been burned down; 400,000 houses in city and country have been destroyed. And with famine and destruction have come their inevitable companions, disease, inflation, the black market, simmering civil war. Thus, power over the Greeks is power over the starved, the sick, the weak, who must be kept so if the power-holder is to retain his power. Only the American spirit of self-rule and self-help can restore Greece and only a government with a specific and immediate program

looking toward these ends can be of any use to the Greek people or have any future in the Greek state.

The first care of policy for such a government would be the uses of relief. Relief service from abroad, all things considered, has not been small but has been very inadequate. The American Red Cross has brought its usual help. Various volunteer groups, such as the Greek War Relief Association, the Near East Foundation and others, have stepped in. UNRRA is providing some farm equipment, seeds, machinery, trucks, as "a present to the Greek people." The Co-ordinating Committee of the American Agencies in Greece and a subcommittee of the American Friends of Greece have collaborated in a wise project of planning and rebuilding the ruined communities and homes of the Greeks. But none of these enterprises seem effectively to envisage the share which the people themselves must from the beginning have in their own relief and rehabilitation, if it is not to hinder but to facilitate self-rule and self-help. The process must be a democratic process and as soon as possible established as a phase of a people's program so to rebuild the national economy as to develop the maximum use of whatever natural resources exist in Greece, by the methods and with the tools of democracy, and for the express purpose of raising the national standard of living both materially and spiritually. The process of relief and rehabilitation must be a process of education in the ways of democracy and the aim of education must be the growth of communities with a culture of self-help in which the spirit of the great *Funeral Oration* may come to new life.

III

There are certain very instructive precedents for this, which the people and leaders of Greece and their relatives and friends abroad could well study and emulate.

One belongs to the nineteenth century, the other to the twentieth.

The nineteenth-century one is provided by Denmark. In the middle of that century this little country, its people half-starved, crushed under the heel of feudal privilege, suffered a terrible defeat and subsequent dismemberment at the hands of a ruthless foe. The recovery of the Danes and their growth into one of the freest, best-educated, and most prosperous people on the continent of Europe was due to the labors of a great religious leader, a champion of the free spirit in church, state, and school.

His teaching of Danish history and his reconstructive interpretation of Danish culture he made the central theme of a general education of all the people. He initiated the famous folk high schools and the adaptation of the co-operative organization of the Rochdale Pioneers to Danish needs and Danish ways. The folk school has ever since been the living spirit in the Danish way of life and the co-operative economy has been its body. The freedom and abundance which signalized Danish life before Hitler have become proverbial. Danish recovery after Hitler will be no less proverbial.

The twentieth-century precedent is provided by Jewish Palestine. This is very much closer to Greece in every respect. Palestine is even more barren and dry, more deficient in vegetation, with far, far less mineral wealth. Nevertheless, the immigrant Jewry of Palestine have succeeded in transforming a soil all sand and swamp into a prospering agricultural land. They have developed hydroelectric power to its maximum and give it maximum use. They are discussing the creation of a Jordan Valley Authority on the analogy of our American TVA. They have succeeded in establishing many industries, large and small. They have given the entire economy of their land a distinct character due to the fact that the dominating pattern of life and labor is provided by the producer, consumer, and credit co-operatives. Of course, they have not been able to do this by themselves and on their own resources. But the British Government, which holds direct power in Palestine as it holds power indirectly in Greece, has done nothing to help them. On the contrary it has put every available obstacle in their way. The Jews of Palestine have been able to do this—in spite of the British Government—with the help of Jews elsewhere in the world, especially of American Jews, animated by the American spirit. Through funds devoted entirely to land-redemption, through companies like the Palestine Economic Corporation and its subsidiary fiscal institutions in Palestine such as the Bank for Co-operatives and similar enterprises, an economy grows in Jewish Palestine animated by the spirit of the ancient prophets and shaped by modern co-operative techniques toward an ever higher standard of living, spiritual and material.

Surely, it is entirely practicable to develop a similar collaboration between Greek-American organizations and the plain people of Greece. Before the war, the latter had been receiving remittances from their

relatives abroad amounting to something more than ninety million gold francs. Now that the war is over in Europe, cannot such moneys be pooled into a national trust fund and applied directly to the formation and encouragement of credit unions and producer and consumer co-operatives? Greece, like Palestine, has a drainage and irrigation problem which ties in directly with the possibilities of hydroelectric power. Is it beyond the bounds of practicality to establish for the Greek people a TVA developed on the principles and by the methods of our American TVA adjusted to Greek conditions and financed by Greek Americans and friends of Greece everywhere? Before the war, Greek Americans had projected a rolling mill in Greece which was about to be installed when the war stopped the enterprise. More than ever such a plant could come into being as part of a larger co-operative plan in which the plain people of Greece could share. Nor need, nor should, the implementation of such projects be "a present to the Greek people." The self-respect of the free Greek citizens and sound economic procedure alike forbid it. As in Palestine, it should be capital investment bearing interest limited to six per cent or less, with arrangement for easy and quick amortization out of earnings until the enterprises so financed become the freeholds of the consumer and producer organizations of Greece.

Co-operative enterprise would be no novelty to the Greek people. Co-operative organization had been authorized by the Greek government in 1914. It was a central idea in various efforts of agrarian reform. It was employed to some extent in the care and rehabilitation of Greek refugees from Turkey and other adjacent countries. It had reasonably consistent governmental support right up to 1930—that is, among the rural population; urban co-operatives were not similarly encouraged. Rather narrowly conceived and carried on without much patriotic faith or economic imagination, treated as a series of remedial devices rather than as an over-all plan for the reshaping of Greek economy into an economy of freedom and abundance, co-operation nevertheless grew in extent and scope. By 1936 Greece had 6,270 rural and 3,341 urban credit unions, 156 rural and 469 consumer societies, 493 marketing, 514 processing, 37 fishing, and 7 insurance societies, besides housing and other groups; 63 per cent of the agricultural and one-fifth of the total population had become associated in some sort of co-operative effort. And this in spite of the fact that co-operatives had from 1930 on been progressively cut off from all

political activity and under the dictatorship and the occupation been subverted to the uses of tyranny.

The record shows that the Greek people possess a large fund of co-operative experience on which a new life can be built. They can also draw upon the help and advice of the International Co-operative Alliance and the Co-operative League of the U.S.A. and its Freedom Fund. They can further develop and enrich what they already have by means of scholarships and training in the co-operatives of Denmark, Palestine, Sweden, England, and the United States. Greek Americans desiring to contribute to the future of Greece in terms of the American spirit could train in one or another of the several co-operative centers in the United States for service in Greece. On the record of a hundred years, communities everywhere in the world have been able to lift themselves from the ravages and defeat of war or depression to a new well-being, a freedom and abundance, material and spiritual, by means of the Rochdale co-operative. The doctrine and discipline of co-operation define the one time-tested pattern for the development of communities with a culture of self-help, in which there is a minimum of waste and a maximum of efficiency and liberty. Young and old participate in them together, and education takes place as a function of their common undertakings to serve their different needs. Better than any other way, the co-operative way is able to make relief and rehabilitation the instrument of democratic education and the vehicle of self-help for a free people. Better than any other way, it can achieve and maintain the permanent organization of liberty in a national economy.

The principles and practice of the co-operation, begun in Rochdale, England, and spread throughout the world, provide the simplest, the most natural, modern way of giving the old Hellenic spirit of freedom new life in her ancient birthplace. Those who know the history of ideas know how much American liberty is bound up with Hellenic insight and Hellenic aspiration. In Greek Americans the streams of both traditions of democracy reunite. Is there a more apt or more American contribution to the reconstruction of the world in peace and freedom that the American citizen of Greek extraction can make, than to help create in Greece a new Hellenism which unites the ancient ideals of Greek liberty with the modern techniques of the co-operative enterprise into a national economy for free men?

A DOCUMENTARY

A STAR IS SOMETHING TO STEER BY

By MATAILEEN LARKIN RAMSDELL

Eve Erickson sat on the hard, wooden bench and reproached herself for having come. Around her, heads were bowed humbly and narrow eyes were red-rimmed while her own eyes were dry and her throat closed achingly tight over an enormous emptiness. She had no right here.

The endless chanting went on and on while the slow, gray spirals of incense wound their way upward. The priest in his gold brocade *shichijo* was a gorgeous figure. This was his most elaborate robe, the one he wore for special ceremonies and his voice was like the brocade, she thought, as the orientally nasal tones washed over her in waves of rich sound, rising and falling, falling and rising. This relentless roll of tribute must be true of many memorial services for boys all over the country, she reminded herself, boys killed in action somewhere in Germany as Joe had been.

But this one for Joe and his comrades must be very different in other respects. No white-walled chapel in New England was this, no imposing mass of limestone in Indiana, Ohio, or Michigan, heavy with the scent of hothouse flowers. This was a tar-papered barrack church of Buddhism in a Japanese Relocation Center in Arkansas, glowing with thousands of colorful paper blossoms fashioned by infinitely patient and skilful hands.

Grouped around the altar were the easels with the photographs, each framed in a huge circle of paper petals, white, yellow, pink—or all three together. How many of these pictured faces she had seen, grinning cockily or soberly intent on the camera—conscious of the newness of the uniform and cap! They were always the first things you noticed as you went into the barrack-rooms. Now they had been gathered from these rooms, from their homemade, wooden tables and were framed in flowers here for this memorial service in their honor. She glanced swiftly at the collection. There were ten boys on the list of honorees but only nine easels. With a

darting jab of pain across the tightness in her throat she knew whose was missing. It would be Joe's.

Her eyes came back to the shaken young girl sitting beside her. It was Sumi, one of her high school students, whose older brother was among the ten. She remembered how surprised Sumi had been to see her, the gentle question in her, "Oooh, Miss Ericson?" She began to feel more and more like an intruder on the private tragedy of these people who wept so softly. She could not remember ever before having been conscious of grief as silent as this. The tears formed and were wiped away. There was no sobbing.

Out of the priest's stream of words she caught Joe's name. Joe Moriyama, he was saying. According to Buddhist tradition they must be giving Joe a special name because he was dead. Eve found herself thinking that Joe might not approve of their choice. She smiled a little. Joe was touchy about his name. She had learned that quickly—in fact, the very first day she had had him in school. . . .

* * *

By September, 1942 the evacuees from the West Coast who had been assigned to Rohwer Relocation Center began to arrive. They pulled in on long trains, heads protruding from windows for the first anxious glimpse of the camp. They came with fears and many misgivings, based on rumors of giant poisonous snakes and hordes of malarial mosquitoes which were said to infest this remote swamp-area of Arkansas.

To their surprise they found the weather fair and sunny, much like California, they said to each other, smiling delightedly. A long dry spell meant that the camp was somewhat obscured by dust from the busy roads but there were clear blue skies above. The fresh red gravel on the high roads made a colorful contrast in this autumn scene, running straight ahead or crossing itself with geometric precision, separating and linking the forty identical blocks which made up the Center. A mile square from guard tower to guard tower it was if you followed the barbed wire fence around, and inside it eight and a half thousand people, citizens and aliens alike, were to dwell for the duration of the exclusion order. Each block housed two hundred and fifty persons in twelve army-style barracks, six on each side, with a mess hall and bathhouse-laundry in the center.

The new residents piled off the trains wearing their big dog tags, tired, dirty, and wrinkled. They were marshaled by military police into

waiting trucks and were whisked through the gates, where they left their army escorts, and then in a cloud of dust to a central clearing block. Here they were given a cursory mouth and throat examination and assigned to their new quarters—for each family one room, its size depending on whether the family included three or six. For families of more than six, two rooms. They were issued an army cot and two army blankets apiece and were ushered into their new family units—empty rooms with high square windows (too high for them to see out they discovered in the months to follow), rough pine-board walls, an army wood-heating stove and nothing else. Thus they began their lives in the relocation centers.

There were no school buildings at Rohwer but the parents were eager to have their children back in school after six to eight months of the chaotic bewilderment of assembly centers where many of them had lived in horse stables. So on November ninth school began with two ordinary residence blocks of barracks and a small group of teachers—no books, no chairs, no other equipment of any sort.

Eve Erickson was assigned to a bare room with forty black-headed eleventh-year students. They were to be her homeroom, her special charges until their graduation or relocation.

Joe was the first one she noticed because he was even smaller than the average Nisei which means he was just about an even five feet. He looked like a sixth grader from the elementary side of the block who had gotten over on the high school side by mistake. But she had learned enough by that time to refrain from suggesting such a thing. Diminutive size and a general appearance of extreme youth had misled her too often even in her brief experience in the Center.

So she watched to see which of the names on the class roll would bring him to life for her. It turned out to be Joe. Joe Moriyama. He gave her a tight little one-sided grin and said, "Here." And then added challengingly, "But not because we wanta be."

She smiled and said nothing. She had had only two years of teaching in her native state of Wisconsin before coming to work for the War Relocation Authority, but in that time she had learned that a pretense of deafness over minor details saved her energy for the major points of attack. That turned out to be an especially wise policy where Joe was concerned. He was scheduled for her eleven B English class. When she

called his name during that period she said, "Joseph?" and he returned promptly, "Just Joe."

"Doesn't it stand for Joseph? Weren't you christened Joseph?" she asked in her now-we're-going-to-be-good-pals voice.

"I was *named* Shigetoshi," he informed her flatly. "I picked out Joe for myself for my American name 'cause I thought I oughta have one. Now I dunno."

"What do you mean?" she inquired. The class was listening with half-smiles of anticipation. Some of them knew Joe as an "agitator" from Santa Anita Assembly Center days, others were just interested in any possible break in the impending class routine.

"Nobody thinks we're Americans now, so why have American names? My cousin was born in L.A. and never even went to Japan on a visit and he's a 4-C with the draft—that means enemy alien—so what's the diff?" His tone was not belligerent, just informative. The other boys echoed in a supporting chorus, "No lie, man!"

"All right," she replied agreeably, "I'll call you Shigetoshi."

"Nup," he grimaced. "I'll stick with Joe. I'm used to it and it's too much trouble to change."

Yes, Joe was touchy about names and about other things too. This invested him with the happy faculty of reacting on his teachers the way ragweed does on a hayfever victim. Often he gave even Eve premonitory twinges but there was something about him which prevented her from getting too angry. She kept feeling that he had taken on his knotty, young shoulders all the chips of resentment of all the Center inhabitants and she was waiting for the day when he would grow so tired of his load that he would willingly lay some of it aside. Then she hoped to reach him.

In the meantime he was her class gadfly. He was the one who could toss in a remark, always just this side of being impudent, which would be shatteringly logical and so had to be met seriously by whatever logic she could rush to her defense. For instance, the lumber business.

They were discussing citizenship responsibilities during homeroom period one day. They talked about people who feel that robbing the government is good business and they brought out specific examples of waste of government materials which went on right around them.

"There's the government lumber supply over in Block 49," she pointed out. "It is plainly posted in both English and Japanese. It says

that anyone taking it without proper requisition is guilty of a federal offense. But we all know that it is slowly disappearing to make furniture and back porches, and so on. How can you justify such behavior?"

"Spose you was taken outa your home on forty-eight hour notice and put into a empty room with a iron cot and two army blankets to take care a you for the duration?" It was Joe, of course.

"I realize all that, Joe. But they said it was for your own protection."

"Huh," he snorted, "you don't believe that and neither do I."

"Even if I grant that it was wrong, Joe, you and I both know that if we accept the idea that one bad deed justifies another, then every step we have made as humans toward law and order can be undone."

"O.K. So maybe us boochies got no business takin lumber but I've seen some a the Caucasians on the staff doin the same thing." The class nodded violent approval.

"Then they're even more guilty in a moral sense, but is that any excuse?"

"No," Joe wound up and let fly, "but it'd help a little if they'd be a better example."

* * *

That was Joe, master of the frontal assault. She was always finding a note in her box. "I am lowering Joe Moriyama's citizenship grade to a D for this six weeks. He's the rudest boy in my class." Each was properly signed by one of his subject or study hall teachers.

The first semester she called him in each time and showed him the notes.

"They can't stand the truth," he said bluntly. "They get up and paint a pretty picture of this country that ain't no more true than I am *ha-ku-jin* and then they get angry with me when I say it's a lotta hooey."

"But, Joe, you're an intelligent boy. You're only hurting yourself by antagonizing your teachers here."

"They didn't mind antagonizing us when they yanked us outa our homes and put us behind military police and barbed wire and machine guns like criminals, did they?"

"But that's in the past, Joe." It seemed to her she was always butting him. "No matter how unjust it was in individual cases, you're got to leave it in the past for your own sake. You've got to forget it and begin from here."

"Sure it's in the past. But it happened, didn't it? And it could happen again, couldn't it? And it's true, ain't it? And I believe in bein truthful. Don't you?"

So she stopped calling him in. Instead she went to his teachers. First she tackled Miss Greene, his government teacher.

"About Joe," she began apologetically, realizing that she was a poor person to plead Joe's case with Miss Greene. This older teacher had never approved of Eve. She thought Eve was an undesirable, radical influence because she had refused to pay her Arkansas poll tax and had openly stated her reasons for not doing so in a historic faculty meeting. Miss Greene was also of the opinion that Eve coddled the evacuees too much and was a poor disciplinarian. Now she broke in on Eve's fumbling beginning. Her southern drawl was full of outrage.

"He's the most arrogant, insulting boy I've ever had. He told me the other day that the Constitution was so much hot air—that any time the group in power wanted to forget its protective clauses for minorities all they had to do was plead military necessity."

That was certainly like Joe, Eve was forced to admit to herself, to find one small weak spot and smash through with no thought of the consequences. "He thinks he's right," she started diplomatically and then became lost in a disturbing experience. Miss Greene's pale blue eyes behind glasses abruptly took her back to wintry nights at home near the lake, to frosty moonlight and the tricks it played, to the remembrance of how even shallow places can appear deep when frozen. She stumbled, "He's impulsive and speaks without thinking," and realized how inane the explanation sounded.

"Well, he'll have to learn to think more and speak less. It seems to me he'd better stop griping and whining and be thankful the government is taking such good care of him. If there's one thing I despise it's ungrateful people." Miss Greene's tone was one of unequivocating virtue and Eve knew for the first time how irresistible is the desire which small boys experience when they kick their heels through the ice over a frozen mud-puddle to show that all the substance has drained away. So she stopped going to his teachers.

She couldn't actually blame them. A teacher tries to hold up a picture of life to her class. If she has taught a long time and is removed from reality her picture is apt to be similar. But she believes in it firmly and

it is a severe jolt to her self-esteem to have a student sabotage it. To such teachers Joe's disbelief was devastating and they didn't like it or him. Eve didn't escape either. There was the case of religion, for example.

One day during American Lit they were discussing a biography of Jeanne d'Arc.

"Do you think she really heard those voices?" one of the class wanted to know.

"Yes, I believe to her they were real," Eve answered.

"Then she musta been nutty and shoulda been put in a strait jacket," Joe volunteered.

She let the class laughter die a natural death and then asked, "What religious faith are you, Joe?"

"I ain't nothin. Religion is for weak-kneed guys who can't stand alone."

"You mean you are neither Buddhist nor Christian?"

"That's the story. My parents are Buddhist but I don't go for it and the Christians shout brotherly love on Sunday and kick us out on Monday. So I don't go for them neither."

"All Christians are not like that," she said.

"The only ones I ever knew was," he answered.

The girls in the front row looked at each other uneasily. Eve could see that they were thinking Joe had gone too far. After all she was a Christian and his words therefore concerned her in a very personal way. They shifted restlessly in their chairs and smoothed their bright wool skirts. Yoshiko ran her hand through her hair and fingered the pompadour above her head, taking out a bobby pin and replacing it more firmly. Eve saw small, shy Hiroko lean over her notebook and pretend to be entering something important.

She lifted her shoulders in an acquiescent gesture. "All right, Joe, maybe so, but there are others and they are doing what they can, those who know about your evacuation, to help. You see only half the picture. You see what the most rabid papers have to say, you read the violent letters written by ignorant, mean-minded people, but you don't see all the sincere groups in this country who are honestly trying to insist on fair play. Don't you believe me, Joe?"

"Sure, if you say so." But his voice lacked conviction. It was one of his rare attempts to be polite.

Later that afternoon he came in waving a newspaper clipping.

"See," he said. "This is religion for you."

She smoothed out the crumpled excerpt from one of the California papers. It was a corner of the editorial page which usually carries the cartoons. It was a cartoon. A hideous picturization of a relocation center with a large American flag flying. Under the flag was a group of buck-toothed, horn-rimmed, misshapen dwarfs repeating the pledge of allegiance. The caption read, "I predge arregiance to the —" and every bow-legged figure had an evil sneer on his face and his fingers plainly crossed.

The cartoon was bad enough but they had seen some worse. For the first year the school had subscribed to two California papers thinking naively they might be comforting to a homesick group. Now she deliberately dismissed this one with, "Well, there's nothing more here, Joe, than this particular paper puts out all the time."

He bent over her desk and laid a blunt finger on the line above the cartoon. It was their daily quotation from the Bible. It was the familiar, "Judge not lest ye be judged."

He tapped it gently and said, "There's religion for you—that Bible stuff and the cartoon about us."

Eve shook her head hopelessly, "You're wrong, Joe. That isn't Christianity. That's what we call the Hate Press."

"Well, I betcha lotsa guys don't know the diff."

"I think the majority of people in this country do."

He took the clipping, folded it and creased the edges of the uneven rectangle to a razor-like sharpness. He watched his fingers intently and then whipped a glance at her face.

"Do you really believe what you're always saying, Miss Ericson?"

"That's a ticklish question to answer, Joe." Eve weighed her words carefully. "I try hard not to say things I can't believe in."

"O.K., O.K. then, I'll take your word for it. But I gotta see some of the other kind before I'll put my dough on religion."

* * *

Finally in addition to lowering his citizenship grades teachers began to assess Joe time after school. That, combined with his frequent make-up time for tardies, kept him in her room so many afternoons after school

that they had almost a standing date. At first he insisted roughly that he wasn't going to stay. She laughed at this and later decided that he stayed that first time just to see what she was laughing about. The next day, however, he said if she could stand it, he guessed he could.

From 4:15 to 4:45 then, they exchanged statistics on California versus the other forty-seven states in such matters as football teams, highways, school plants, and general all-around superiority. Only one thing saved California from a 100 per cent victory. She had been in California and in about thirty of the other states. He had seen only California until he landed in this most unattractive corner of Arkansas.

She tried to remind him that this delta corner of the state was no more like the Ozark region than Death Valley would be like the Monterey peninsula, but he was hard to convince. One afternoon she lost her pedagogic calm and fired this at him, "I can't see why you are so devoted to California after what has happened."

This sort of pettiness from her was new. He looked at her, obviously shocked, and she instantly regretted her words. She could see that he was confused as to how to answer. At length he turned toward the window and said stubbornly, "It's the place I was born. It's where my father worked like a dog for forty years. They can't change that no matter how much they hate us."

Disgusted with her childish exhibition Eve tried to make amends. "Of course it's a beautiful state, Joe, but there are others just as lovely."

He was still looking out the window where all day a slow, dreary rain had been falling when he began to speak wistfully. "I betcha you wasn't there when the grapes was ripe and the air so clean—not damp or dusty like here—and the sky blue and the sun warming your back while you work in the vines and all the time outa the corners of your eyes you know you can see the mountains curling up kinda gray around the edges of your valley like they was the smoke from a thousand fires." He had seemed not even to be talking to her but suddenly he stopped and his tan face darkened. "I gotta go now," he mumbled and wheeled out of the room.

For the next few afternoons he sat like a poker-faced Indian and punctiliously departed at 4:45. She decided she was going to miss him when he was through making up his time. They had grown accustomed to each other's presence in a settled sort of way that develops from small

daily doses. He was always there in the rear of the room with a book open in front of him though she never saw a page turned. Then before he left Linda would bounce in.

Linda was the five-year-old daughter of Eve's neighbors in the personnel block and the high mark of her day was the journey down to the school block to walk home with Eve. Joe got the usual kick out of hearing the peremptory way Linda addressed his teacher by her first name as though they were the same age.

Thus came his last afternoon. Eve intended to give him a farewell talk at 4:45 and in a jocular vein wish that they never had to meet under such circumstances again. But shortly before time for him to go, one of her English students came in and stood silently by her desk. When school first began, Fumiko had been almost talkative among a group that was not outstandingly articulate with new teachers. But for the past several weeks she had dropped into a progressive silence from which Eve had not been able to pry her. Now she stood by the desk waiting. Eve could feel the urgent entreaty in that immobility so she swung around and said, "Yes, Fumiko?"

The girl's sensitive mouth trembled as she tried to speak in controlled fashion.

"I can't speak before the class tomorrow," she finally said.

This wasn't unusual. They all hated to make talks before the class.

"Why not, Fumiko? Only a two-minute report. Everyone has to have some practice in speaking on his feet. You can do it, too."

Mutely the youngster shook her head and kept her eyes glued on the toes of her shoes.

"Of course you can," Eve insisted cheerfully.

"No," Fumiko said almost inaudibly. "I can't."

"Look, Fumi, I know it isn't easy but you must try. Just do the best you can. That's all I ask."

Without a word the girl turned and rushed out of the room. In the shock of her abrupt departure Eve impulsively appealed to Joe. "For heaven's sake, Joe, what's the matter with Fumiko?"

Not once had he appeared to have the slightest interest in what was going on but now he spoke up promptly.

"You don't know?" he inquired. "About Fumi's farm?"

"No, of course not. What does her farm have to do with a talk on the contributions of minorities?"

"Well, it's like this," Joe began moving up toward her desk. "Fumi's the only child in her family same's I am. You know our parents can't own land in California so Fumi's father had their farm in her name same's ours is in mine. Well he died since we been here and a few weeks ago a lawyer come and asked to see Fumi. She thought he was a WRA man and he asked how she bought her farm and she said she just had it and she went on and answered all his questions. He was a lawyer from California and they're gonna claim Fumi's father got the farm through cheating or something that sounds like that and they're gonna take it away from her an her ole lady an it's all they got. An her ole lady cried an told Fumi she was a fool for talkin her head off and that she better learn to keep her mouth shut an so she does now."

"You mean an escheatment —" Eve fumbled, her ears grown icy. She felt the horror of the adult who insists that a child may walk straight ahead through the darkness without fear and then hears him drop screaming into empty space.

The outraged protest in her face was visible to Joe.

"Don't you know about things like that?" he asked curiously, even sympathetically.

"I know about the California Land Act," she began uncertainly, trying to collect what she did know in the face of this unexpected development. "But they can't, they won't do that to a sixteen-year-old girl without a father —"

It was Joe's turn to shake his head reprovingly. "So they can't —" he began sarcastically when a small familiar figure came in out of the late afternoon sunshine.

It was Linda, her small, plump person overflowing with eagerness to recount her latest exploit. "Gee, Eve, you should hear us say the pledge of allejunce *now*. Miss Mukai says, 'Everybody stand up,' and we face the flag like this —" She took a staunch position facing the flag above Eve's desk. "And we say I pledge allejunce to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands one nation invidisible with liburtee and justice for all." She took a deep breath.

Linda was the only Caucasian in her kindergarten group. Eve spoke mechanically, "That's wonderful, darling," and looked at Joe to see how

the recitation had impressed him. His face was creased in its usual grin but there was something different. She realized it was his eyes. Usually they caught and held your attention because of their sparkling aliveness. Now they were as flat as though daubed on his face by a careless, uninspired hand.

He leaned over her desk, his bony young figure in a taut curve, and laid the flat of his hand down softly on a pile of red-pencilled English themes.

"O. K., so they can't do it. But if they do I tell you this. Every morning when we stand up here and give the pledge to the flag with Tosh blowin his bugle out in front, I'm goin to have my fingers, my toes, an my *eyes* crossed when I say liberty and justice for all."

Linda giggled at this. "You'd look funnee with your eyes crossed, Joe," she said.

He relaxed and this time his eyes came alive when he grinned down at her.

"I probly would," he admitted and then turned to Eve, "but I wouldn't feel funny none."

Wordlessly Eve let him go. After he disappeared through the door and had taken the four porch steps in one angry leap, she turned to the small girl beside her. She took Linda roughly by the shoulders and shook her with gentle emphasis. "I want to tell you something, Linda, and I don't want you ever to forget it, do you hear?"

Linda's blue eyes looked up at her, round and questioning. "What is it, Eve, what is it you want me to remember?"

Eve realized how harsh her voice and her grip on the child's shoulders had been. She relaxed both and spoke with her usual smile.

"Just this, Linda, and you must always, always remember it every time you say the pledge to the flag, no matter where you say it, no matter when you say it, no matter who says it with you. Not everybody in our country has liberty and justice and when we say those words to the flag it's because we mean that's what we want to give everybody and not that we think everybody has liberty and justice now."

Linda was puzzled and a little afraid but her love for Eve triumphed and she threw both arms around her friend. "If you say so, Eve, I'll always remember. An' I'll never, never forget, you'll see."

Through rain and sun, mud and dust, their time at Rohwer completed a year's cycle. Joe continued to be the same outspoken critic of all things contemporary in Eve's classes but in respect to his other teachers he seemed to have retired into a discreet shell of silence. She was often, to her discomfort, congratulated on the reformation of his character.

But then came January, 1944. Joe was now eighteen. After registering in accordance with the law he had been classified 4-C. Since that was an old story by now there was no more than an undercurrent of bitterness when the boys received their classifications. But on the twentieth of January the Army reversed itself and announced that Japanese-Americans were to be drafted like any others. Orders for reclassification went out to all Selective Service branches and Joe Moriyama, like Johnny Jones, became 1-A.

The only difference was that Johnny Jones had never been told that he was dangerous, disloyal, and unwanted in this country. Joe Moriyama, on the other hand, had grown accustomed to being written up in the papers as treacherous and unassimilable and the subject of Congressional investigations. The overnight change of heart left him unmoved and somewhat suspicious.

They gathered about the heating stove in one end of their long classroom during the homeroom period on the morning after seven of the boys had returned from preinduction physicals.

"I feel just as dangerous as ever," remarked Hiroshi pointedly. "They must need cannon fodder bad."

"Yeah, spearheads, that's us. Look at the 100th Infantry. Pretty nearly all gone." George's teeth flashed but his words held no amusement.

"Yeah, did you hear the man ask me what branch I wanted and I said Navy and he just ducked his head and said, 'Infantry for you, bud.' I guess we're more dangerous on a ship than on land." A lock of black hair tilted forward over Hitoshi's eye as he imitated the man's head ducking.

"Huh, you shoulda heard mine laugh out loud when I said I'd like to try for the Air Force. He just yelled, 'Next!' "

"Infantry is right," interrupted Tom, "and they'll stick us over in Shelby and separate us from the other American boys."

"Well, they shoulda listened when I told them I hada split ankle and that I couldn't get along in the infantry but they just yelled, 'Next!' "

Hitoshi had hoped against hope that that split ankle would get him into something, anything but the Infantry.

"Oh, well, we'll never come back anyway, so what's the diff? Of course we'll keep on thinking inside, 'Gee, I hope I get back, I hope I get back.' But it's better to say outside that you ain't comin back, then it's easier to go."

"Yeah," said Tom, "the Jap way is easier. Over there they teach them not to expect to come back, that to come back alive is a disgrace—only the dead can be heroes—that if you live it's because you're a coward. That way it's easy to die."

Eve stood aside silent. She wanted to interrupt them. She wanted to say that lots of other American boys were being told, 'Infantry for you, bud'; that lots of other American boys were being told that they had no chance to fly with the Air Force. If she had had just one Nisei pilot to use as an example. But there wasn't one. There was one Nisei gunner. He had remained in the Air Force through some miracle or other. But the other night when he was scheduled to speak over one of the national radio programs, at the last moment he had been cut off without much reason. She knew how explosive an issue that had been, so she didn't dare mention the boy's name. She had nothing to say.

Gradually she realized that someone else had nothing to say. Someone who could usually be counted on to speak. Joe stood playing with the wire lifter on the stove, just listening. Eve opened her mouth to challenge him but the bell rang and the group stormed out to their third-period classes.

Joe ordinarily dropped in after school to talk with her at least once a week. He once said that if he didn't win one argument with her before he graduated he would not be satisfied with his diploma. He claimed that she used big words to throw him off the trail and that before he could figure out the last thing she'd said that she was off on something new. But she noticed that occasionally he would tuck in one of her favorite expressions in a manner he strove to make as casual as possible. If she complimented him, however, on expanding his vocabulary he would insist either that he absolutely hadn't said it or that he had no idea what it meant anyway. This business of teacher-student relationships was made to sound too complicated, Eve thought. She liked Joe. He knew it and liked her in return. It was as simple as that.

But in the weeks after his preinduction trip to Little Rock he began to change. He never came in to talk to her any more in the late afternoon while she waited for Linda. He never had anything to say in class or homeroom. He did only the merest pretense of work and his grades began to toboggan. She caught him as he was leaving class one day and said, "Joe, come in this afternoon. I want to talk with you."

He didn't even attempt to meet her eyes, just shook his head and said, "I can't. I gotta get home." She was sure it was a very lame excuse but she decided to wait and hope that he would come in of his own accord. In the meantime she had been doing some much-needed reviewing. Now that her homeroom boys were to be drafted (they were deferred only until graduation) she decided to find out enough about the California laws so that she would not again be caught flat-footed as in Fumiko's case.

She discovered that if any of her boys were holding California real estate and were killed in the war without making a will, their alien parents could not inherit. Even with a will the real estate would have to be liquidated immediately. The parents could then have the money from the forced sale. She found also that if one of her boys in an attempt to leave a home in California should will it to another citizen and the California courts prove conspiracy or attempt to evade (as in Fumiko's case) that the property could be confiscated entirely by the state. Still, a will was their best chance.

As the boys, one by one, came in to talk to her about graduation and induction she found an opportunity to remind them to make a will. It was a hard subject to handle with rugged eighteen-year-olds who looked as if they'd live forever, but they took it in their stride. All of them had brothers and sisters who could legally inherit. Only Joe of all her boys was an only child and he did not come in to see her. She decided that he didn't intend to. She was wrong. For one afternoon about a week before graduation Joe dropped into a chair in front of her desk after school and said, "I got good news for you."

She tried not to put too much into her welcome. "Fine, Joe, good news is something I can always stand about this time of day."

"You don't need to worry about no will for me," he said, coming straight to the point in his usual way. It was one of his characteristics that she had come to realize set him apart from most of his fellows.

Somewhere and somehow he had completely overcome the traditional Japanese politeness of evasion and had adopted the American habit of forthrightness which to Japanese ears seems rude beyond belief. Gradually his words began to make sense to her and she thought with relief that she knew why he hadn't been to see her before.

"You mean you didn't pass?"

"Heck, no, I was 1-A." He straightened up in his chair. "I mean I'm not going when they call me."

For a few moments she looked at him without trying to speak. She valued frankness but this had sledge-hammer finality.

"You can't mean that, Joe."

"I do. I made up my mind. I'll go to prison."

"But what under the sun has happened to make you decide this?"

"Well, it's like this. You heard the guys tellin you how the pre-induction was. Well, I came back with them and I was griped too that we couldn't get in nothing but the Infantry but I was going too because there was nothin else to do just like all the resta them—like all the other American guys outside all over the country. Most of them is goin just because they have to, I bet. Nobody here ever taught us to want to fight." He was speaking savagely. "Then I found a letter at home from my friend who volunteered with the 442nd and was wounded in the leg and he was sent back here crippled and he went into a barbershop up north and asked for a haircut and the barber said, 'Get the hell outa here, you dirty Jap, can't you read English or do you only know Japanese?' And my friend got up off the sidewalk where the barber shoved him and he saw a sign on the barbershop saying 'Free Shave For Japs—Not Responsible For Razor Slips.' And that guy's gonna jerk around on one leg all his life because he fought for people like that. Not me, I'll go to jail." He had risen to his feet and stood in front of her, tense, determined to resist any appeal she might make.

Eve recognized this but she knew she couldn't let him leave. She raked her mind for the right words to speak, calmly and dispassionately as teachers were supposed to do. But her usually ready tongue found none. Clumsily she sparred for time and tried to sound natural.

"Wait just a moment, Joe. Sit down. There's something here I want to show you before you make up your mind definitely."

Somewhere there *was* something she must show him, she could vaguely recall, but where was it, what was it? It must have been a picture she had seen, a picture in a magazine, a picture in *Life*.

That was it. Hurriedly she ran through the stack of *Life* copies on the magazine rack beside her desk. Joe was sitting, impatiently running his finger around the grooves of someone's initials cut into the chair arm.

Finally she found it. There it was just as she had remembered it—a full-page picture of a boy. A pathetic picture of a boy sitting on an army hospital cot in an army bathrobe with one bare foot showing. His face looked infinitely young and unguarded—what you could see of it. Most of it was hidden by huge, white blobs of bandages that covered the places where his eyes should have been. Underneath it explained about him. It said that this was a Japanese-American boy who had had his eyes blown out in Italy fighting with a volunteer combat unit. It went on to say that the casualty rate in this group was high because all the members were fighting desperately to prove their loyalty to their country.

She held it out to the stony-faced boy in front of her. "You remember this picture, Joe, don't you?" she asked, knowing full well that every boy in her class had yearned over it imagining himself sightless in the pictured boy's place. "If you defy this country's draft law it's just as though you took this boy's blindness and threw it back into his face and said, 'You poor dope you. You went in and sacrificed your eyes thinking you could make the people in this country believe that Japanese-Americans are loyal and trustworthy, but they'll forget you tomorrow, they have forgotten you by now. I shall refuse to fight, there'll be a court trial, I'll tell them why and have my little revenge and it'll be on the front page. Then every mean-minded, intolerant person in this country will read it and say gleefully I-told-you-so-you-can't-trust-these-Japs-they-won't-even-fight-for-this-country!' You can't do that to him, Joe, not you, you can't."

She felt herself trembling and realized once again that she had failed in her teacher's responsibility to handle a crisis without becoming emotional. But he showed no evidence of having been moved by her words or her trembling. She finished slowly and wearily, "That's the only way I can see it, Joe. I'm sorry if it doesn't make sense to you."

* * *

The whirl of graduation caught her up and she almost forgot about Joe she was kept so busy. She saw him at the Senior Prom looking awkward and ill at ease in a sports coat, shirt, and tie instead of the customary tee shirt and jeans. On Commencement night he marched past her down the aisle in his blue cap and gown without looking to right or left. She marveled that he could appear so young and untouched.

Then it was all over and the dazed graduates streamed back to turn in their caps and gowns. After they had gone she stood in her room mechanically checking off the gown boxes. Each one had the name of the wearer who had rented it and now returned it. It was her last duty for her homeroom.

Usually she got quite a lift out of graduation but tonight there was the gnawing thought of Joe and the scene he would create next week when the others left to report for induction. It had happened once before with three of their students whose parents planned to return to Japan and who had persuaded their sons that their reception in Japan would be easier if they had gone to prison rather than fight in the American Army. Those were convictions held honestly and openly by old people who had only their Japanese citizenship to count on and who were returning to the only country which gave them that status. She had been able to understand and recognize the boys' reasons. But when the Federal men came to haul them away to trial in Little Rock it had been a disturbing scene. And the publicity had been also. And Joe's would be too, and his reasons were so confused. Nevertheless he too would end in a Federal penitentiary somewhere.

She opened the box bearing his name and began to refold the blue gown. A small cylinder of smudgy paper dropped out on the desk before her and she unrolled it automatically. At first the words made no sense to her. It was hard to bring her mind back to the brief message in Joe's half-written, half-printed hand. "Miss E, I got a will, my cousin."

That was all. It was his way of telling her that he was going, that he had made a will with the Center attorney and that he had left the property to a cousin who was a citizen and who would look after his parents in case he didn't come back. She had won.

* * *

Now he was dead. He wouldn't come back. The incense curled in exquisite patterns around the low two-by-four rafters overhead; Sumi

twisted a handkerchief in her lap, her long scarlet nails flicking in and out. Joe was dead; a single gold star would decorate a small service flag in his parents' barrack window as in so many thousands of windows in homes all over the country.

The odd thing was, that was the way he had said it would be the last time she saw him. . . .

* * *

The Center paper on Monday after graduation said that Joe was among those leaving on Wednesday. Tom, Yosh, Hito, and all the other boys had come by to tell her they'd see her when they came home on furlough, but not Joe. She became so certain he wasn't coming that Tuesday afternoon, that when she found him in her deserted classroom it startled her a moment. He was sitting in the chair he had always occupied, tilted back against the wall. His legs had lengthened so in the year and a half that now they did not dangle high off the floor. He had his head back and his eyes closed as she came in. For a moment he did not move. She determined instantly not to say anything about his change of mind. She spoke lightly, "Joe, I'm glad you came over. I have a bone to pick with you."

His small dark eyes flew open and his teeth shone. "You always do," he agreed. "What now?"

"You didn't put a picture of yourself in the album that the homeroom gave me. Yours is the only one missing and I'm disappointed."

He stopped smiling and turned his head away to look out the sunlit doorway. "I don't go for pictures of myself. Why leave something like that for a lousy hangover when you're dead and gone."

It wasn't a question but a flat statement. She lifted her hands in a familiar gesture of helplessness and let them fall.

"Joe, Joe, *Joe,* what can I ever do with you?"

"Nothin," he replied teasingly, "nothin at all. That's what I told you a long time ago. Waste time to worry about me."

"There you go," she reminded him, "making life so hard for yourself."

He stood up and lifted his shoulders in a stretch. They were still childish-looking and knobby. But he was eighteen, old enough to fight.

"Phooey on making life hard," he said and he was no longer teasing. "I'm goin into the Army tomorrow. I'm gonna shoot and be shot at. I'm gonna kill and kill an probly die."

Eve rose too and let his melodramatic line fall unchallenged.

"When are you leaving?" she asked.

"They pick us up at four a.m. and take us to Little Rock. Gee, I'll be passin through the gate under the eyes of the M.P.'s for the last time. I'll even be wearing a uniform like theirs soon. It's a laugh. I'm so used to thinkin a them as bein on the other side of some kinda fence it's hard to believe I'll be fightin on their side." Now his eyes were dancing again, so narrowed by amusement as to be almost invisible.

"You're a die-hard, Joe," she returned, "but you know all my lectures by now."

He picked up a small camera which had been lying on the chair next to him and began to dust the lens carefully with his handkerchief.

"I gotta be leavin," he said, and added casually, "How's about a snap before I go?"

Eve straightened in stunned surprise. "You — you," she found herself stammering, "want a picture of *me* — a lousy hangover?"

"Yeah," he agreed and ducked his head self-consciously. "I guess it is kinda wacky but it'll be nice to remind me of you and all the new dopes you'll have in here teaching to believe in things like democracy and fair play and stuff like that."

Eve felt her eyes watering dangerously and struggled to keep herself from blinking.

"Of course, you may have one," she said carefully, "but why a young cynic like you should be interested in carrying a memento of dopes is hard to understand."

He took the picture of her standing on the little white-painted stoop which led into the classroom with her name above the door. He insisted that she stand just where she always stood to wait for her class to get in, reminding the boys to scrape some of the thick gumbo mud off their heavy boots before they came clumping up the steps. He wanted her to look into the sunshine and smile at him.

When he had finished he came up and shook her hand. He gave it a good firm grip (she had lectured so many times on the deadfish hand-

clasp so many of her students had) and looked her straight in the eyes. She could see it still wasn't easy for him.

"Good-bye, Miss Ericson," he said embarrassedly, "and thanks for all you've done for me."

"Good-bye, Joe," she answered, "good-bye and good luck. Write to me when you have time." He brushed that suggestion away with a wave of his hand and grinned the old cocky grin.

"My lousy English would give you the willies."

Then he began to walk away, his thick-soled Center boots crunching on the gravel path, his left shoulder hunched a little higher than the right. Just before he got out of conversational range he wheeled quickly and looked at her hard. Then he glanced around him. There was no one visible in the hot afternoon sunshine. He took one or two quick steps back in her direction and blurted, "I guess you still don't understand that I'm one of your dopes too. I'm even hoping that I'll be one a the lucky guys who get back o.k. But I'm gonna take out all the insurance they'll let me have so my ol' man'll get along o.k. if they should make a nice, big, juicy gold star outa me. I'd make a beaut, I betcha." And then he was gone.

* * *

That was Joe. She looked unseeingly at the paper flower crosses and wreaths and lyres up by the altar. He had thought her challenge to dopes worth fighting for, but at the last moment hadn't he rebelled against dying for it? Who was she anyway to have persuaded him to go? Maybe the world would never be worth the lives of boys like Joe who were having to die.

The exclusion order had been lifted, the Centers were closing, the Army wasn't segregating all the Nisei soldiers any more and they could get into the antitank corps and the paratroopers now. She hoped Joe had known these things before he died. Maybe it might have helped a little even though not much. How could it?

The emptiness inside her seemed to grow and grow in agony until it burst like a giant bubble. But it wasn't until she felt Sumi's startled gaze on her that she realized she was crying now, silently, painfully, like all the others.

FULL EMPLOYMENT—A GREAT AMERICAN TRADITION

By E. JAY HOWENSTINE, JR.

WHETHER the federal government shall underwrite full employment as a national policy seems as vital now as it did before Congress passed its recent "employment" bill. By the term "full employment" we mean a condition in which everyone able and willing has an opportunity to do worth-while work at a fair wage. But the term does not include approximately 1,500,000 unemployed workers who are normally in the process of changing jobs.

The idea of full employment as a primary postwar objective has been attacked from many angles. But whatever the nature of attack there is one thing common to most critics and that is the notion either stated or clearly implied that full employment is something new, strange, foreign, in short, partly if not outrightly un-American. But this is not at all the case.

Full employment is one of the great American traditions. Just because the ways of achieving full employment in 1950 may differ from the ways of 1850 or 1790 should not cause us to overlook the fact that a chance to work has been part and parcel of American history.

EARLY AMERICA—AN ECONOMY OF ABUNDANT WORK OPPORTUNITY

One of the outstanding characteristics of colonial life was that everyone worked. Men believed that work in and of itself was good. Every man was expected to put in a full day's labor. No man was idle because of the lack of something to do. There was a chance for all to work almost by the very nature of the raw environment out of which the nation was being built. Work was truly the very condition of survival for the individual, the family, and the group.

But in early America work was different from what it was in the Old World. Here one worked for himself and with the promise of success. This was true for two major reasons: we had a system of free enterprise and we had a frontier with almost unlimited natural resources.

In this environment of abundant work opportunity, Benjamin Franklin grew up and gave us his homespun maxims in *Poor Richard's Almanac:* "Industry need not wish," "The used key is always bright," "At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." "It's thrift that makes the nation great." Fed on these salty bits of wisdom early American youth worked hard and prospered.

Government in early America was limited, but it was not neutral or indifferent in its attitude toward employment of labor and capital. Its policy was positive. Through all branches—legislative, executive, and judicial—it sought to assure free and equal opportunity for labor and capital.

The government vigorously hacked away at the old mercantilistic fetters which restricted the exercise of individual initiative and resisted encroachments on the rights of property and profit. Through intrigue, bargaining, fighting and seizure, the government pushed the frontier westward against the Indians, Spaniards, French, and British. It was, in fact, Thomas Jefferson, the "strict constructionist," who purchased the Louisiana Territory when it appeared essential to the national well-being.

When it became apparent that our infant industries could not get a foothold in competition with the merchants of Europe, Congress passed a protective tariff. It may be debatable whether the protective tariff was a good means to achieve a desirable end, but American profits, American standards of living, and American chances to work were of primary concern to our early government.

In an effort to attract men and women to help build America out of this great continental wilderness, Congress dangled the bait of abundant work opportunity throughout the capitals of Europe. For fifty years completely free immigration was our settled policy and for another thirty years only mild restrictions were placed upon the inflow of men and women. America became "the common man's Utopia"—the "asylum of the oppressed of every nation."

In early America it was not the stated policy of the government to guarantee jobs for all. Such a statement would have been out of place. There was no scarcity of jobs; it was rather a problem of finding people and capital to do the work. Work for every able and willing man and woman was so commonplace that no controversy about it was possible. Full employment as a great American tradition was being born.

America in Mid-Passage—Job Opportunity Defended

The rising factory system and its instrument, the corporation, brought profound changes in the American economic and social system. The power of the few grew stronger; the power of the many grew weaker. Furthermore, panics began to topple down the American financial structure periodically bringing hard times and involuntary idleness. Depression unemployment tormented the workers, but depression was always overcome. By and large during most of the nineteenth century and the early twentieth abundant work opportunity was a fact of everyday life and Congress was constantly preoccupied with ways of preserving this tradition.

Congress continued to follow an aggressive policy in opening up the Western frontier and insuring unlimited land for the farmer, rancher, miner, and railroader. The famous Homestead Act of 1862 culminated the great drive for free land and was characteristic of the spirit of the times. It provided that any man or woman who would settle on 160 acres of public land and cultivate it for five years could have it free. Probably no other single act of government in all times did more to guarantee that the unemployed, disinherited, debt-ridden worker might have a real chance to work.

The significance of the frontier in assuming employment opportunities throughout most of the nineteenth century has been graphically described by Frederick Jackson Turner in his famous essay on *The Frontier in American History:*

> Most important of all has been the fact that an area of free land has continually lain on the western border of the settled area of the United States. Whenever social conditions tended to crystalize in the East, whenever capital tended to press upon labor or political restraints to impede the freedom of the mass, there was this gate of escape to the free conditions of the frontier. These free lands promoted individualism, economic equality, freedom to rise, democracy. Men would not accept inferior wages and a permanent position of social subordination when this promised land of freedom and equality was theirs for the taking. Who would rest content under oppressive legislative conditions when with a slight effort he might reach a land wherein to become a co-worker in the building of free cities and free States on the lines of his own ideal? In a word, then, free lands meant free opportunities. Their existence has differentiated the American democracy from the democracies which have preceded it, because ever, as democracy in the East took the form of

> highly specialized and complicated industrial society, in the West it kept in touch with primitive conditions, and by action and reaction these two forces have shaped our history. [pp. 259-260]

A second major line of Congressional action was that of protecting the free competitive system from its enemies. The chief enemies of the free market were the "robber barons" who launched trusts, pools, gentlemen's agreements and other monopolistic devices on a large scale, beginning shortly after the Civil War. These great aggregations of power ran roughshod over farmers, laborers, and consumers, giving rise to reformist movements such as the Populist party, the Grange, and labor unions. Agitation against monopolies finally culminated in the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890. By attempting to preserve competition Congress was in effect helping to preserve the laborer's right to work.

A third major way in which the government attempted to encourage work opportunity was by the enactment of protective legislation for the laboring man. In this period, increased attention was given to such reform measures as public education, a shorter work week, collective bargaining, restricted immigration, and other measures designed to improve everyday work opportunities.

One of the clearest evidences of the strength of the full employment tradition is to be found in attitudes toward the unemployed prior to World War I. People were so thoroughly convinced that plenty of work was ever-present, that they believed it inconceivable that an able-bodied person could be unemployed for reasons beyond his control. Any person with initiative could find a job for himself and climb the ladder of success. Such a person was glorified by Horatio Alger and other authors in the popular literature of the times.

This attitude toward unemployed people colored practically all early attempts to provide work relief. Work relief before World War I was designed as a means neither of providing real jobs nor of making worthwhile public improvements. It was primarily a work test for the individual, based on the idea that the applicant was a malingerer—that he was idle because of unwillingness to work. It was believed that by putting the unemployed to work breaking rock or chopping wood, shirkers could be weeded out and the moral independence of the remaining individuals could in part be salvaged. Since public policy, even in periods of depres-

sion, was based on the belief that any able-bodied person desiring work could find it, there was no need for developing a policy that would provide real jobs for those who might temporarily be unable to find private employment. Ironically enough, therefore, the tradition of abundant work-opportunity has itself been one of the chief barriers to the development of a systematic public works policy in modern times.

Although the belief that any able-bodied person could find a job and its corollary—the work test—were characteristic of middle America, they by no means passed out of existence in modern America. Up until 1931 and 1932, these attitudes toward unemployment and unemployment relief were dominant throughout most of the country, and in 1945 we still find some people clinging to such notions. The tradition of full employment is indeed strong in the American way of life.

If it had not been so strong in its original and simple form, we might several decades ago have begun developing public policies aimed at maintaining full employment, policies which would have made this tradition a fact rather than a fiction in the everyday life of millions of the nation's labor force.

Modern America: Full Employment Must Be Guaranteed

By the 1920's periodic unemployment had recurred so regularly that it could no longer be overlooked by political leaders. With the frontier gone, the factory system full grown, and the corporation a veritable giant, the terminology shifted more and more in terms of full employment and job opportunities. President Warren G. Harding opened the modern era by calling the President's Conference on Unemployment on September 26, 1921 which he addressed as follows:

> Fundamentally sound, financially strong, industrially unimpaired, commercially consistent and politically unafraid, *there ought to be work for everybody in the United States who chooses to work*, and our condition at home and our place in the world depends on everybody going to work and pursuing it with that patriotism and devotion which make for a fortunate and happy people.

A few years later, in the golden age of prosperity, President Calvin Coolidge reminded us of the traditions of frontier America with his declaration that,

> Opportunity is denied to none, every place is open, and every position yields to the humblest, in accordance with ability and application.

When Herbert Hoover was elected President he restated the objective of the American economic system in ultramodern terminology:

> I wish to lay down the proposition that the very prerequisite, the very foundation, of economic progress to our industrial and business employees is full and stable employment. A continued surplus of unemployed workers means decreasing wages, increasing hours and fear for the future. To protect labor, to maintain its prosperity, to abolish poverty, we must so organize our economic system as to provide a job for all who have the will to work.

In 1929 the Senate Committee on Education and Labor chairmaned by James Couzens of Michigan reminded the nation in a report on *Unemployment in the United States:*

> It may as well be remembered that society is going to solve this problem, is going to provide an opportunity for man to sustain himself, or is going to sustain man. Society is going to provide an opportunity for man to pay his own way or is going to pay for him.

That same year the Great Depression engulfed the economy. In October, 1930, Hoover appointed Colonel Arthur E. Woods as Chairman of the President's Emergency Committee for Employment. Woods again reaffirmed full employment as the central objective of the American free enterprise system.

> A free state, a free economic system owes its very existence to the fact that it provides and maintains conditions under which its members have the opportunity to earn their living, in their own way insofar as that way is compatible with the welfare of others, and of the group as a whole. It does not owe a man a living; it owes him the fair chance to make his own living.

In the minds of the leaders of the 1920's like Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Couzens, and Woods, jobs for all were to be obtained primarily through the automatic forces of free competition. With the major exceptions of public works planning and financial assistance to business, governmental efforts to remedy the situation and provide employment were regarded as interfering with automatic forces and retarding real recovery. After three years of depression, however, the American people voted for a New Deal.

It was one of the great achievements of President Franklin D. Roosevelt to reinterpret the American tradition of full employment in terms

of the times in which we live. Repeatedly, he insisted that government has a primary responsibility to provide work for those who are unable to find private employment. In January, 1935, in March, 1938, and again in August, 1940, he reaffirmed this principle.

In 1940 the House Committee on Public Works and Unemployment boldly asserted, "We should accept as a basic principle the proposition that every American family has a right to a job. Secondly, we should say that if private industry cannot provide sufficient jobs, then the Government must."

On December 7, 1942 *The New York Times* which is not noted for a revolutionary stand on economic issues put the full employment objective squarely—with no ifs, ands, or buts:

> Whatever obscurity may cloud other postwar goals, our goal is clear. All over the world masses of people have determined that the future world must be a world of full employment and production. It is not too much to say, as did the *Economist* of London recently, that this aspiration overrides all other political and social ideas.

The year 1942 also witnessed the formation of one of the most interesting business groups in American history—the Committee for Economic Development. Believing that grass-roots planning was necessary for postwar prosperity and starting from "the conviction that the American people will not tolerate a prolonged repetition of prewar unemployment conditions," the Committee has estimated a "proper target for the peacetime economy to be about 55,000,000 civilian jobs."

In 1943, *Business Week* in reviewing the assumptions underlying postwar planning stated:

> Foremost of these [assumptions] is the growing conviction of business leaders that full employment is a social necessity for business; that the people of the United States would not long be satisfied with a postwar economy of idle men, of poverty and plenty.

Shortly thereafter Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, again put the issue very squarely in his widely-publicized article, "Your Stake in Capitalism."

> If business again fails to give full employment there will be another WPA. This will be so under any president. The first president ever to do anything of any importance for relief of the unemployed during a depression was a Republican, Herbert Hoover. He set the precedent. Public indignation against

> unemployment, against its misery of body, against its misery of mind, has grown. No American president will ever again permit American citizens to be unemployed. They will be employed by business or they will be employed by government.

Fortune Magazine after analyzing the place of government in the postwar domestic economy came forward with its widely-quoted forthright proposition:

> We propose that the government should underwrite permanent prosperity: that it be established government policy, whether Republican or Democratic, to maintain reasonably full employment in the United States.

The CIO, the AFL, the Farmers Union, and the Farm Bureau have also joined the ranks of those who have endorsed full employment as a primary postwar objective.

The virtual unanimity of opinion that postwar full employment should be the number-one objective of the postwar economy is nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in the 1944 Presidential campaign. Democratic and Republican parties vied with each other in embracing the philosophy that if private enterprise does not produce reasonably full employment then the government must find ways to make up the difference. President Roosevelt set as the postwar target 60,000,000 jobs and pledged his administration to the proposition that "every American able to work and willing to work has a right to a useful and remunerative job."

Republican candidate Thomas E. Dewey, not to be outdone, stated in equally strong terms:

> Government's first job in the peacetime years ahead will be to see that conditions exist which promote widespread job opportunities in private enterprise. If at any time there are not sufficient jobs to provide employment to go around, the Government can and must create additional job opportunities.

Standing at the halfway mark between a war economy and a peace economy, Reconversion Director Fred M. Vinson convincingly analyzed the necessity for the government underwriting full employment in the postwar world.

> History shows us that business, labor and agriculture cannot in themselves assure the maintenance of high levels of production and employment. The government, acting on behalf of all the people, must assume this responsibility and take measures broad enough to meet the issues. Only by looking

at the economy as a whole, and adopting national economic policies which will actively promote and encourage the expansion of business and the maintenance of markets and consumer spending, can we hope to achieve full employment.

Two conclusions seem inescapable.

Conclusion No. 1: Full employment is a great American tradition and is a declared primary objective of our free enterprise system.

Conclusion No. 2: The tradition of full employment was born and nurtured in a society with a "do-something" philosophy of government.

In early America the economy was simple, government was limited, the problem of unemployment was nonexistent. Nevertheless the government did something. It cut away old mercantilist restrictions. It relentlessly pushed westward in the face of all comers—French, British, Spanish and Indians—to keep open abundant opportunities for labor and capital. Its emissaries tramped the cities of Europe seeking labor and capital to build a prosperous nation.

In middle America, the economy was still relatively simple, government was relatively limited, the problem of unemployment was still not of mass proportions. But the government did a great deal. It continued to follow an aggressive policy of insuring unlimited land—generally free—to the farmer, rancher, miner, and railroader. It rose in defense of free competition against the great monopolies and trusts that dominated the period. It extended protective social and economic legislation to the masses who were weak in the face of mighty business and financial empires. Government was not passive. It vigorously protected and promoted the private enterprise system thereby assuring abundant work for the common man.

In modern America, the economy has become infinitely complex, government has perforce expanded its activities, and the problem of mass unemployment has grown to be the greatest unsolved riddle of the free enterprise system. More than ever before, government has taken an active concern and major role in helping to provide jobs for all. Attempts were made to remove factors which interfered with the operation of the free market. Legislation was passed to give the common man a fairer chance in the economic system. Public spending and employment policies were used to bolster up the business system and increase mass purchasing power and job opportunities.

Government has not yet officially assumed the responsibility for maintenance of full employment. In motive, however, it has done just that.

There will always be plenty of room for honest differences of opinion on the best way to go about guaranteeing abundant work. But as to the objective itself, there can be no doubt that a governmental guarantee of employment is fully in line with American tradition. If the issue of objectives could be settled once and for all, then the thoughts and energies of the best minds of the day could give their undivided attention to the staggering task of discovering the ways and means of fulfilling the great American tradition of full employment.

THE VANISHING POINT IN SCHOLASTIC CRITICISM

By DOUGLAS ANGUS

DURING THE MIDDLE AGES a barren form of intellectual activity flourished for centuries in a comfortable vacuum under the authoritative patronage of the church. It was called scholasticism. For the past two generations now another form of futile intellectual activity has been existing under the patronage of the university. It is familiarly known as literary research. Supported by the money of taxpayers and philanthropists earmarked for the education of the young, it has survived long after its sterility has been openly recognized, through the sheer momentum of an established tradition and rigid institutionalism. In published and unpublished Ph.D. theses, in articles for academic journals, and in thick, well-bound volumes it has recorded for posterity minutely detailed editions of incredibly dull medieval moralities, volumes of letters about unpaid bills, amours, and ancient literary quarrels, biographies correcting fifteen previous biographies, involved and meandering analyses of tenuous influences on famous and nonfamous writers, and equally involved studies of influences on influences on influences on said writers.

In the realm of aesthetics there has never been anything quite like this in the past. It is one of the weird by-products of modern science—a sterile offshoot from the vigorous tree of genuine scientific research. It is not strange that students of the humanities in the western democracies first learned this system of literary research from the country most addicted to regulation and discipline—modern Germany. It is strange that it should have achieved its strongest hold in democratic and inventive America. Its original motivation was two-fold: one, a reaction against the verbose, emotional romantic criticism of the nineteenth century; and two, an excited enthusiasm for the cold factualism of science. These motives were not unsound, and early factual literary research served a valid purpose as a corrective, introducing standards of restraint and accuracy. However, a peculiar flaw began to appear very soon in this

new criticism: starting as a corrective of faulty method, it failed to acquire an accompanying program of practical purpose. It went on correcting—until it was presently correcting what wasn't worth correcting. It became very easy to adopt the criterion of theoretical science that truth itself is an ultimate goal. Truth pursued among natural phenomena will eventually prove of practical value, but it is not so clear that truth pursued among the fabrications man has created for his entertainment will be of any practical value whatsoever. Moreover, truth pursued among natural phenomena has a way of expanding infinitely. It is an unlimited field, but truth pursued among the works of man is a closed field. You can study the structure of a mountain and move from truth to truth on an ever widening scale that will carry you from the structure of mountains to the inner mysteries of the earth, but you soon learn all there is to know about the structure of a pyramid. However, if a factualist believes that the study of pyramids is a life work, he will end up by counting the stones in the pyramids. The futility of the literary researchist becomes paradoxical when we remind ourselves that most of the thought content of past literature is rationalization, so that we have the spectacle of learned scholars seeking truth in a maze of falsehood. To some extent, it must be admitted, this is recognized, for the tendency has been to ignore literature itself and turn to birth and marriage certificates, publishers' records, and dates on letterheads.

When a human activity is not firmly yoked to practical purpose, it acquires peculiar phobias and fantastic mannerisms, at the same time inevitably tending to be ultraconservative and more and more inflexible. Thus it happens that factual literary research has become a great buttress to outmoded theories of classicism. It never ceases to take delight in adding to the historical record some forgotten and insignificant writer of the past, but clings tenaciously to the accumulated list of names preceding the year 1900, as if back of this date all writers are classical.

Factual research is continually excited by the prospect of altering reputations, but so far its contribution here has been infinitesimal. It is really filled with too much awe for the established hierarchy. It pays least regard to values and is too deeply buried under minutiae ever to raise its head for a good look at fundamental principles. It tacitly accepts this hierarchy as a timeless, changeless chart and so attempts to resist one of the most precious faculties of advancing civilization: that endless win-

nowing away of the insignificant or unessential—that vital, creative intellectuality of man, ever tending to shove the ancient and the obscure into oblivion. This active forgetting by the creative mind is simply the outward working of its instinct to remain alive. Factual literary research would in all innocence and sincerity crush the creative mind with its rapidly pyramiding store of facts.

For the rigid hierarchy of immortals carried around in his travels by the factual researchist, it is time to substitute a modern theory of classicism more in accord with contemporary philosophy, so profoundly modified by theories of pragmatism and developments in science and mathematics; for the idea of a suspended, unchanging immortality properly belongs to the age of that ancient mathematical conundrum concerning the tortoise and the hare. Classicism is criticism's theory of infinity, and today it should bear some relationship to the concepts of infinity presented by mathematics and physics. Basic in such modern classicism would be acceptance of the fact of a constant diminishing of personal influence. Everyone, whether he be genius or moron exerts some personal influence, but that influence is for everyone subject to a law of diminishing effectiveness. It is constantly tending toward a vanishing point which it never attains. It is like a sound once uttered, or the endlessly diminishing waves from a stone dropped into the ocean.

One should not be distracted by slight variations in this tendency of all things toward oblivion. That there should be a revival of Shakespeare's influence after two hundred years' submergence is of little import in the larger view—of as little import as the host of bad plays which that revival produced in the nineteenth century. The great winnowing goes on. In the active world outside the academic halls, the minor Elizabethans have practically ceased to exist.

The message of this interpretation of literary history is as startling as it is important, for it says to that scholar who is now, and has been for many years, poring over some obscure literary facet of the past, that his work is misguided and barren. The obscure little writer on whom he is laboring should not be resurrected from the dead—he rightfully belongs there. It is not only just as good, but better for humanity that he remain forgotten. The passion to fill in every little factual square in the obscure, manifold map of man's past activities is hopeless not only because it can never achieve scientific exactitude, but because it is a fighting for a lost

cause. Forces too great to be checked are quietly burying the works of factual research as fast as they are being produced.

It is time for the academic critic to relearn the basic lesson that the critic deals with influences in a state of constant flux and not with static values or recorded historical facts. He deals with living influences. He deals with the present. It is essential also that he remember that he must attach himself to the vitality of the creative impulse. If he separates himself from this flow of creative energy, he is lost. He must remember that he does not alter materially the significance of influences coming from the past. If John Donne happens to be enjoying an increase of influence among certain contemporary poets, this is the result of the working of the creative mind, not of the critical mind. To interpret this phenomenon is his legitimate task.

The idea that the critic deals only with living influences gives him an entirely different measuring rod from the one he now uses; for a contemporary writer is seen to have a great advantage over writers of the past. In the matter of living influences a Hemingway or an Eliot may be more important than even Shakespeare. Writers know this, but scholars do not.

What we have is a great flow of influences, a flow of highly unstable contemporary influences mingling with a more stable flow of influences from the past. The critic's most important work lies among these unstable contemporary influences. Here is a realm of highly competitive confusion in which his keen judgment can perform an essential task, a task of ever increasing urgency as modern progress releases more and more creative energy. As it stands, however, this is the very field from which he shies away, and which he discourages his students from entering. His standard argument is that we lack the perspective necessary to evaluate contemporary or near-contemporary writers. We cannot tell, he says, who is important among contemporary writers. Unfortunately, he does not apply such a principle of selectivity in his burrowings among the figures of the past. Here the dimmer, more distant, and more elusive the literature he is working on, the prouder he is. If the manuscript is so fragile from age that it must be kept under a glass case, if it is so faded and mutilated that it must be read with a microscope, he is intoxicated with antiquarian zeal, and if he must be able to read any ancient and dead languages to understand it, he is inclined to be deeply moved by a sense of brahmin-like

exclusiveness. The more distantly past a problem is, the more it tends to be a purely factual problem. The instinctive factualist's zeal is aroused, because just as the problem becomes more difficult factually, it also becomes more purely factual. Rarely does it occur to the scholar caught in this spell that it is also true that the more distantly past the problem the less useful its solution.

The theory that we need perspective on a writer before we can estimate his work is sound only when considered relatively. Obviously, if the critic is to be functional, he must make some attempt to interpret a piece of literature as soon as it is published. Under present conditions the book review is the most careless of all forms of critical writing. It is poor not so much from lack of perspective as it is from lack of thought. It must be acknowledged that if one-tenth the effort were put into the writing of a book review that is put into the writing of an article in one of the academic journals, it would come into its own as one of the most useful and important forms of literary criticism. With modern advertising what it is, and the blurb attaining new heights of the ridiculous, impartial analysis has become exceedingly precious. For this reason alone critics should cease to regard the book review as in any sense a minor activity. It is the important first stage in criticism. Vigorous analysis of whatever appears to have literary merit should begin as soon as possible after a work appears in print and should be continued until the work has been proved shallow and without further generating influence. As an author continues to write works of significance over a period of years, the criticism of his work should increase in exactitude and penetration. As the organic development of his genius becomes evident, a more accurate estimate of his value and significance can be made. Undoubtedly, too, as his importance increases his life and works should become the field of study for an increasing number of critics. But if the amount of critical effort devoted to an author ought to increase with the increase of his influence, so, then, should it wane with the wane of his influence.

What happens under these conditions to the problem of acquiring perspective should be obvious. It is not necessary to wait until the author is dead, or to wait a hundred years after his death to study his works. Criticism, eagerly intent from the beginning upon the course of a writer's influence, has no problem of perspective at all. It doesn't stand off from a writer for many years trying to decide on just the right moment to

begin studying him. Rather it is familiar with the author from the birth of his influence. While to some extent it guides that influence, essentially it follows that influence through its organic, independent growth and decay. In short, there ought to be a sense of urgency abroad in criticism. It should strain at the leash. Its aim ought to be to give the fullest possible interpretation of an author's influence when that interpretation can be of the greatest use; that is, while this influence is still alive—not many years after its death. Criticism can and should be greatly accelerated. The present lag of criticism behind the crest of an author's influence, which has been more or less accepted as a necessary evil, can be greatly reduced.

It may be argued that the sheer magnitude and chaos of contemporary literary output would make the critic's task as here outlined a hopeless one. Actually this situation should be a tremendous challenge to action. In reducing this vast bulk and raising the general level of contemporary literary production lies a task worthy of the greatest energy and ingenuity, a task surely designed for the main effort of our best critical minds.

But this is an educational project, for the surest way of stopping the flow of worthless literature before it gets into print, and so winning the first round of the fight, is to raise a generation of readers that have themselves an enlightened insight into contemporary literature. Perhaps it need not be a curse that critics should also be teachers. If the field of college English teaching had been dominated by men who followed the principles of criticism outlined above, rather than by researchists in factualism, we should long since be meeting the pressing cultural problems of our day and the English department would long since have occupied its rightful position as one of the most important divisions of a modern university.

The tragic waste and distortion that has resulted in the field of college English teaching from entrusting that work to the specialist in factual literary research are appalling. Foremost among errors must go the failure to teach contemporary literature appreciation. Surely it is a safe estimate to say that not one-twentieth of the effort devoted to an understanding of the old writers is devoted to study of contemporary and near-contemporary writers. This situation is back of the decline of the English department in teaching vitality and in student interest. Where will the observer find an advanced English course, whether it be on

Chaucer, the seventeenth century, or the romantic poets, that has the atmosphere of intense and eager inquiry that will be found in almost any other field of college study? Moreover, this failure to bring in the study of contemporary literature on at least a fifty-fifty basis lies at the root of the English department's utter confusion in the face of the problem of what to do about creative writing. At present the creative writing course in nine colleges out of ten is a sort of bone thrown to someone who, it is felt, is incapable of teaching what are thought to be the more important courses. The author is the last one to believe that formal courses in creative writing can be a very significant factor in the production of important literature unless we develop techniques not yet discovered. However, by thoroughly acquainting the student with contemporary trends in subject matter and form, by interpreting such trends, and by permitting him under expert guidance to follow the processes by which outstanding contemporary writers have reacted to their environment and found their way to significant literary expression, the English department would establish a cultural atmosphere in the highest degree conducive to the spontaneous outburst of creative writing on a scale hitherto undreamed of.

This failure of the English department in the field of creative writing is partially the result of a second attitude deeply embedded in the academic mind. At present this department has two aims: one, to produce more factual researchists, and two, to develop a mild and relatively passive appreciation of the literature of the past. Both of these aims are actually of minor importance. The real aim of the English department, beginning with the freshman composition course, should be the development of active, positive creative expression, just as the aim of the music department is to produce players not listeners. Study of even the greatest of the old masters in literary history tends to produce genteel appreciation. Study of the best of the contemporaries leads naturally to emulation. In the latter case the student is brought into contact with modern attitudes and the modern idiom. If he criticizes an attitude he is instinctively led to correct it. Seeing the contemporary idiom transmuted into artistic beauty, he is provided with the most logical and inspiring model for writing. Thus emphasis upon the study of contemporary literature lessens the apparent gap between appreciation and creation, a gap fostered by concentration upon study of the ancients. Incidentally, there are deep-

seated social principles involved here. Observation of these shows just how antiquated our approach to the study of English is. Concentration on the development of a cultured passive appreciation belongs to an educational system designed for a leisure class. It was valid in the culture of Greece and ancient Rome, or in the aristocracy-ridden civilization of Europe; but it has no place in a democracy, where there isn't, or shouldn't be, any leisure class, and where part-time leisure itself takes on qualities of productiveness and energy. Actually, there is very little distinction, from the teacher's point of view, between appreciation and creative expression. If one wishes to write, one observes how others do it, and if one would gain the fullest appreciation of any literary form, one tries to use that form himself. This is true of literature as it is of no other art, for language is the one medium we all use. But appreciation as here used, means something a little different from the vague conception hitherto held. It means an empathic participation in the miracle which changes life into art.

A concomitant feature of this misdirection of emphasis toward the old writers is the unwarranted attention devoted to the study of formal poetry. The impression the student gathers from his English courses is that poetry is *the* form of literary expression, outweighing ten to one any other form in significance. If, however, he takes a glance at the contemporary scene, he will find that, even on the highest aesthetic level, the influence of prose is incomparably greater than that of poetry. Moreover, his appreciation of poetry itself is distorted by overconcentration upon the writers of the past. He comes to attribute a great deal of importance to verse forms that have already become, or are in the process of becoming, obsolete. As nearly as we can gauge, modern poetry is gradually substituting other values for the pleasure derived from standard patterns of metrical arrangement.

Finally, the teaching of English under the guidance of factual scholars has contributed to an unfortunate neglect of the study of later comparative literature. The increased role of prose in modern literature makes readily available through translation an important segment of foreign writing. Very few, if any, American colleges have developed a systematic plan for presenting this material to the student. It is hardly necessary to point out that the problems of the immediate future require for other than merely cultural reasons an extensive expansion in this field.

One of the strangest aspects of modern literary research is that many of those engaged in that research are actually conscious of the underlying futility of their efforts. One may well ask what keeps this incongruous activity so aggressively alive. Surely it is obvious that we have more than enough factual knowledge for all practical purposes about every major and every minor figure in English literary history preceding the twentieth century. Why, then, doesn't the whole process stop? One explanation is that it continues from sheer momentum—like a great snowball, its momentum increasing with its increase in weight. The term momentum implies the presence of inertia, and English literary research is truly an inert mass, without voluntary control, lacking teleology. Translated into mental attitude this inertia can be seen as the incapacity of the researchist to ask himself where he is going or when he should stop. Who ever heard of a learned literary society attempting to discern at what point its task would be finished? Such an idea is inconceivable for the English scholar. Vaguely the student of Shakespeare feels that research in Shakespeare will go on forever, an idea that shocks common sense. Institutionally this inertia is evidenced in the Ph.D. system of education. Literary research on the factual pattern has been found a conveniently easy way for busy scholars to grade advanced students, by putting a premium on an average amount of perspicuity, accompanied by an abundance of energy and patience. Politically this inertia is revealed in the governmental setup, which in traditional academic manner, places dictatorial power in the hands of the elderly. Emotionally, this inertia is revealed in fear, fear of change and all it involves, fear that there will be nothing to replace the activity of the researchist, fear that there will be nothing else to teach graduate students in English. But as I have herewith attempted to demonstrate, this fear is unfounded, it conceals an important truth, and it frustrates an important work.

LET'S FACE THE STRIKE ISSUE

By JOHN C. SPARKS

STRIKE PUBLICITY has passed from freshness to repetition, and if at this stage neither contestant has made explicit what is really at issue, we must conclude that both are unwilling to do so. Nor has this omission been remedied by their outside apologists or by interested government spokesmen. In his presentation of the automobile workers' case, Mr. Walter Reuther came encouragingly close to the main point when he linked wage demands with prices and profits; and employers, in their spontaneous resistance to any such linking, demonstrated their appreciation of what was at stake. But the central issue, being as revolutionary as it is simple, deserves an open appraisal unobscured by secondary controversies.

There will be general agreement that throughout the growth of capitalism, owners of capital have been the makers of business enterprise decisions. The breakdown of the feudal system and the establishment of a free labor market, with workers separated from the means of production, made the individual worker dependent upon the invitation and terms of the employer. This is merely to recognize that, given an unrestricted free labor market, which in practice has meant a reservoir of unemployed containing replacements for workers unwilling to accept the terms of employers, the worker's position has been that of a dependent and in its major aspects beyond his control. And only the requirements of competition, the conscience of employers, the intercession of government, and the organized efforts of the workers themselves, have intervened to ameliorate the working conditions which might conceivably result from complete worker dependence and employer dominance.

So clear is the historical development of this employer dominance in worker-employer relations, and so obvious is it as a simple matter of fact, that workers and employers alike accept it as more or less natural. And executives of business enterprise, thinking perhaps unconsciously in terms that were accepted but not necessarily applicable even when management was closely connected with ownership, actually speak of the rights of management in this sense of their being somehow inherent in

the nature of the economic process. What these people really mean, no doubt, is that under capitalism the owner has in practice determined business enterprise policy. So far as the exigencies of business conditions permitted, he has determined what and how much would be produced, the price at which it would be sold, and the wages to be paid to workers; and after costs have been met out of proceeds, the balance has been his to use at his discretion. The history of capitalism is adequate substantiation for this view. Moreover, it is equally apparent that as management has become separated from ownership, as is the case with the great corporations involved in our major strikes, the traditional policy-making functions of the owner-manager have been transferred in fact to management. It will therefore readily be appreciated why management, habituated to exercising these functions independently of absentee owners, should develop the conviction that there are rights inherent in management, as such. But it remains more accurate to say that what is being exercised is the policy-making function historically associated with the business enterprise owner.

Recognizing all this, it then becomes pertinent to enquire why it has been that the property owner element of business enterprise should enjoy the prerogative of policy-making; or why, as an alternative, he should be able to appoint a management to make decisions in his name. Consider the situation in its simplest terms. On the one hand is an aggregation of workers who cannot produce without the necessary capital resources. On the other hand is an aggregation of capital resources which cannot produce without the manpower necessary for operation. Either element is, in any essential sense, helplessly unproductive unless joined to the other. Together, but only together, they can be productive in the modern industrial sense of the term; and while superficially it may appear that workers have normally been more urgently in search of capital resources on which to work, than the other way about, the fact of helplessness in separation or mutual dependence is inescapable.

What is puzzling is why, in this situation, one element should enjoy exclusively the prerogative of making policy decisions which affect both. It settles nothing to say that it is the property owner who takes the risk. The worker has his livelihood involved in the enterprise, and the owner cannot for his part risk more than all. And if risk be considered in quantitative rather than personal terms, it settles nothing to point out that the

owner is risking a large aggregation of accumulated capital resources, while the worker is risking only one man's wages. For a major aspect of the central issue is that the owner, by virtue of the prerogative of making enterprise policy, is enabled to allocate in the guise of profit that part of enterprise income which ends up as an accumulation of capital resources in his name. So it could not seriously be maintained that the owner has a right to a prerogative because it is required to protect what he would not have were it not for the same prerogative. All of this would apply with equal force in the case where management makes policy in the name, and ostensibly in protection of the property interests, of absentee owners. For it could scarcely be imagined that the rights of agents would exceed those enjoyed originally by their principals; and management considered as individuals runs an enterprise risk undistinguished from that of workers considered as individuals, since each has no more to risk than personal remuneration and livelihood.

Or in justification it might be said that the owner is the organizing brain, the initiator and creator, upon whom the existence of the enterprise depends and without whom workers would have no jobs, and that he is therefore entitled to govern what he has created and to reap whatever profit or loss may eventuate. Surely it would be reasonable to hold, on the ground of greater service to the enterprise, that such an enterprise-initiator owner should receive higher remuneration. But again, since notwithstanding his greater contribution he would be helpless without the peculiar contribution of the labor element, it is not clear why he should be endowed with the prerogative of making all enterprise policy decisions single-handedly.

However, in the modern corporation, with policy-making management separated as it is from ownership, such arguments in justification would be inapplicable whatever their original strength. For management, as Mr. Charles E. Wilson of General Motors has informed the public, does not make its books (the tangible results of policy decisions, that is) available to owners any more than to workers. And it would be specious to suggest that this kind of management enjoys whatever support there may be in the enterprise-initiator or capital-risk arguments. On the contrary, it is clear that this kind of management enjoys the prerogative of enterprise policy-making solely through inheritance or derivation, not because of any original claim.

The whole question of who is to benefit from technological progress is involved here, for the reason that who benefits depends upon who makes the enterprise decisions which determine the distribution of enterprise income. Yet in determining where the prerogative of policy-making should be located, there is no help to be gained from going into theories of value (no matter how elaborate or refined) in an attempt to assess the contribution of each element to the productive process. It would be like questioning which is more essential to water, oxygen or hydrogen. But beyond this, the valuation of capital, in this sense of relative contribution, is not an absolute quantity but a contingent outcome of the very process we are enquiring about. The answer is not one of magnitude, but of control. In short, property owners enjoy the prerogative of making those policy decisions which determine the distribution of enterprise income, and which therefore determine in practical terms the valuation of relative contribution, for historical reasons only. As feudalism evolved into capitalism, property owners began with the power, with the strategic economic and political position which gave them the practical power, to exercise this prerogative. By virtue of custom and habit and inertia and law and power they have continued to exercise it. Try as one will, this is the only explanation one can discover; and herein lies the essence of the current conflict.

Those accustomed to thinking in traditional employer terms may be outraged at the suggestion, and most workers may not be at home with it; but if the essentials of relative position are to be clarified, it is fruitful to turn the situation around and make our enquiry from the opposite angle. If the enterprise policy-making prerogative of the property owner element resides only in an historically advantageous economic and political position, control in fact, and the reinforcing influence of custom, habit, inertia, and law, then should not one expect the possession of this prerogative to be lost or transferred by an alteration in these factors? Specifically, given sufficient organized power among workers, a government sympathetic enough to labor to recognize the reasonableness of a relationship between wages and the total income of enterprise, and no more than the simple realization by labor that there is no inherent reason why wages should not be linked with prices and profits, and the foundation for a shift exists. In this case, why should not the labor element of

business enterprise go the whole way and appoint a management to make policy decisions for the whole? It would be difficult to perceive why such a one-sided arrangement would be less reasonable, less equitable, less solidly based, than the present arrangement.

Merely to contemplate the possibility that such a transformation in control factors could occur, makes it clear that the traditionally accepted employer prerogative could easily vanish. For once its tenuousness became apparent, there is no reason to believe that it would not vanish by being replaced by something equally tenuous but having the advantage of being based on current rather than historical power. The labor element of the productive process could appoint management. Instead of the customary plea of the worker, "Here is my laboring power, what will you pay me for it?" one might hear the property owner pleading, "Here are my capital resources, what will you allow me in return for their use?" A management beholden to labor might make policy decisions. Under the protection of a liberal government, property owners might organize to bargain collectively with labor-appointed management as to the rate of dividends. Wages, rather than profits, might be what was left after all enterprise decisions had determined what other factors would be paid. The bulk of the benefits of technological progress might go, not into property ownership income or into an accumulation of capital in the property owner's name, as at present, but into wages. Would such a one-sided arrangement, even if innocent of the public welfare, be less defensible than the present arrangement?

The central issue of the current strikes, then, is not so simple as one of "more money in the pay envelope." It is not one of replacing simple bargaining with the "ability to pay" principle. It is centered in labor's linking its wage demands with those policy decisions of business enterprise traditionally determined by employers alone. For having succeeded in this, in no matter how small a way, the door is open. And once the door is open the issue is inevitably whether labor shall participate with an owner-appointed management in the making of enterprise decisions, and in so doing explode the myth that there are rights attached to management, as such. This eventuality can be avoided if employers can break the organized strength and government support of labor. It is inescapable if labor maintains its present course. Mr. DuPont with an appointment at UAW headquarters in Detroit to enquire about dividends. What a picture.

THE VETERANS ARE FROM MISSOURI

By JUNIUS EDDY

One of the most frequent criticisms directed at the American fighting man during the course of the war has been that he just didn't know what the fighting was all about. In the early days of the struggle, particularly, it was said he knew very little about the underlying causes of the war and, what was worse, he was accused of having no very deep convictions about the values or ideals for which he was willing, ostensibly, to make the greatest sacrifice of all. By comparison with the fighting men of the other United Nations, he was regarded as either politically naïve, ideologically unconcerned, or both.

There may be some degree of truth in such criticisms as these. If this *was* the attitude of the American fighting man during the war, however, it poses some very tough questions for all of us now that he is beginning to return from the wars. The attitude of mind with which he conducted the admittedly dirty business of war will determine greatly the sort of attitude with which he will conduct the ordinary, everyday business of peace in a civilian world. It will also determine the sort of veteran's organizations he will join, and it may have a not insignificant bearing on the whole structure of the peace now beginning to emerge.

Were our men under arms and fighting a war against the fascists simply because they opened a letter from the War Department one day which began "Greetings: A group of citizens composed of your friends and neighbors have selected you . . ."? Were they merely going through the motions, day after day, under incredible conditions of sacrifice, pain, and boredom, without any real conviction in their hearts and minds that it would amount to anything, ultimately, once the military action was over? Were they, in other words, willing simply to offer up their lives for *nothing?* If this is true, then the American fighting men were surely either greater fools or greater heroes than anyone has yet comprehended.

The verdict on such questions as these will be a long time coming in. The evidence is scattered, even now, across the entire face of the world and it cannot be easily assembled for closer scrutiny. Perhaps the evidence will never be entirely assembled, but I am inclined to think that if it is the final verdict will reveal an attitude somewhat different from the one described above. When the film dramatization of Alice Duer Miller's widely read narrative poem, *The White Cliffs of Dover,* came to the War Department theatre of a southern air base where I was stationed, a crew chief sitting behind me made a remark I have not been able to forget. In the last scenes of the film the heroine mentions the bad peace that followed the last war and emphasizes the necessity, this time, for making "a peace that will stick." The comment of the crew chief behind me was, "Sister, what you mean is 'a peace that will *stink*!'" It received a good deal of sympathetic laughter and scorn from the men within earshot.

The ironic, ever-critical mood which characterizes most G.I. audiences may have contributed to the manner in which this comment was received, but the reaction is nonetheless typical of the reception which most of the war's noble statements received from military personnel in general. It wasn't that our men didn't believe a just and durable peace *could* be constructed this time; they were simply reserving their opinion; they wanted to wait and see before they fell for *any* high-sounding ideological cliché. They were from Missouri—they'd believe it when they saw it. To most of our men the war aims of the United Nations were fairly clear—but the peace aims were remote and confused. If they were understood at all, the average soldier or sailor had no very deep assurance that these aims would be realized by those in responsible positions after the fighting was over.

To be fair, it should be said that, for the most part, the men in our armed forces believed strongly that it was necessary for America to go to war, and that the menace of fascism to the security of the world had to be opposed by military force. The many War Orientation courses our men were required to attend stimulated them to do some thinking about it and, generally, convinced them of this necessity. But they realized that war, in itself, was no solution to anything; it simply gave us the chance to keep on trying to solve the ultimate problems of society in a democratic way.

It is unfortunately true, however, that with these objectives accomplished, the War Orientation courses stopped short. No very consistent attempt was made to present the possible terms of the peace; nor was the sort of world which could emerge from the peace given any comprehensive consideration. The result was that, with the consequences of the last war all too clear in their minds, our soldiers were left to flounder around in cynical contemplation of the probable consequences of this one. The problems were too many and too vast, the areas of contention too confusing, and the actions of our diplomatic leaders and our statesmen too dubious, remote, and mysterious to be clearly understood or relied upon by our fighting men; and *they* were too engrossed in their own military jobs to take time to think much about these questions, anyway. There was the question of India's independence, of Russia's motives, of Spain's lip-service neutrality, of AMG's alleged dealings with the African collaborators and the Italian fascists, of Argentina's military revolt, of what to do with Germany and Japan after the war, of another League versus some sort of Regional Reconstruction, of disarmament versus an international police force. The ordinary soldier was utterly lost among such complex problems and his natural reaction to it all finally was to say, "The hell with it, let somebody else worry about it. I've got a war to fight." And who, after all, could blame him?

Such opinions as he did have on these matters, moreover, were pretty likely to be based on traditional prejudice or inadequate information, and he couldn't see that his opinion would count for very much anyway in the long run. The general policy of the high command was to keep anything resembling political discussion down to a minimum. Where it couldn't rule discussion out completely, it paid lip-service to a program of "general information." When this program filtered down to the company or squadron level, it was often dumped into the lap of a junior officer who was perhaps ill-prepared to carry it out or who considered it just a waste of time. It was not uncommon for such an officer to spend orientation hours discussing the latest latrine rumors or reading the Articles of War aloud to himself while the men simply sat around and talked about anything they pleased. Those officers who conscientiously tried to carry out the spirit of the directives found themselves limited to certain dull and uncontroversial topics. One such discussion which I attended involved "Hitler's most important tactical mistakes"—and we

discussed it for a full hour until most of us were ready to go to sleep, and some of us did. When the men brought up anything concerned with labor or politics, the usual policy was to avoid the question somehow.

On the basis of a similar policy that political news was controversial and therefore tended to take the men's minds off the military job at hand, the service newspapers and magazines such as *Stars and Stripes* and *Yank* contained very few items of this nature. The theory seemed to be further rationalized by the assumption that the men weren't really interested in hearing about such things anyway. What the men were really interested in reading or talking about—it was alleged—were the latest pin-ups, sports news, Hollywood, Broadway or radio gossip, actual combat reports, and such items as Milton Caniff's *Male Call*. There is nothing wrong with such material, to be sure, but a continual diet of it as the basis of army intellectual subsistence could, and in many cases did, make Joe a dull boy.

If this is a fairly accurate statement, then, of the attitude in which the war was fought by most of our citizen soldiers, it is reasonable to assume that it is the sort of attitude they are bringing back with them as they return to civilian life. They have learned firsthand what the war was all about, in ways the people who stayed home can possibly never comprehend. Whether they know, or can learn, as much about the difficult problems of peace is hard to predict in advance. Their *attitude* on these problems, however, will tend to be felt in high places in direct proportion to the degree in which such problems affect them in their own home towns. As many of these men have already found out, the problems of the peace seem to surround them on all sides by the time they have grown used to seeing a man in a tweed suit looking back at them from their mirrors again.

Their own personal problems naturally come first—getting a job, finding a decent place to live, raising and supporting a family, going back to school or college or attending trade school, paying taxes, joining a union, meeting the monthly bills and the insurance premiums, getting a loan to build a house or start a business, all the old familiar concerns of everyday living that were almost forgotten under the press of war and the deeper essentials of combat. There are new problems for some of them, too—like getting used to artificial limbs, getting around without seeing, or getting used to loud noises, these and applying for the benefits,

pensions, and hospitalization to help take care of them. Ultimately many of these problems merge and become one with the larger problems of the peace involving the nation and the world. The ex-serviceman has become an ex-veteran, then, for all practical purposes—a citizen once more, "voting in season," as Norman Corwin has said, and doing "a little civil thinking every day."[1]

II

A little civil thinking every day. It is when the ex-serviceman's thinking begins to concern itself with civil affairs—when he becomes, in fact, a political animal again—that his attitudes and opinions become of strategic importance. American democracy works, among other things, through the political phenomena of the pressure group. As a citizen whose military background and experience have provided him with a vested interest in certain civil affairs, the ex-serviceman becomes, without trying, a pressure group of great significance. When the families and friends and neighbors of twelve to fourteen million men, scattered across the nation, are added together, the result is a pressure the weight of which no congressman can afford lightly to dismiss. To expect that the varied members of this group will think alike on any or all phases of civil affairs is, of course, fantastic in the extreme. The majority of fighting men will come out of the service with the same general ideas they held when they went in, and they will return to families whose ideas are not likely to have altered seriously during the years the men were away. A man who went in the service a Democrat will probably come out a Democrat; the man who went in a union man will, in all probability, come out a union man. The army changes you, but not in precisely these ways.

There are, however, fundamental issues about which this enormous, potential pressure group is capable of being united—the issue, for instance, of finding and keeping a worth-while job, the issue of a decent place in which to live, the issue of security for self and family, the issue of achieving a lasting peace. These are the problems of civil life and affairs about which it is safe to assume that *all* our fighting men, their families and friends, have definite beliefs and about which their thinking, regardless of political affiliation, can be united. Any action of any

[1]Norman Corwin, *On a Note of Triumph,* New York, Simon and Schuster, 1945, p. 62.

person or group which undertakes to oppose the fighting men's stake in these things will, clearly, be ill advised.

Since the transition from serviceman to citizen will not ordinarily be achieved overnight, in one or two easy lessons, the pressure groups which now absorb the rest of our citizenry in some form or other cannot be too confident that ex-servicemen will swell their ranks in large numbers within the immediate future. It is more probable that returning servicemen will be attracted to one or another of the nation's various veterans' organizations. For the veterans' organizations, in general, provide an effective combination of the two primary qualities which interest returning servicemen and which are not readily found in other groups: namely, the means for prolonging military comradeship and the aim of looking out for the alleged rights of the veteran *above all else.*

And yet the outstanding fact with which the veterans' organizations are at present confronted is simply this—the vast majority of returning servicemen are not joining any organization at all, despite the large-scale recruiting campaigns which many of these organizations are conducting, notably the American Legion. A United Press release from Washington on December 15, 1945 stated that of the six million or so men who had already been discharged, only a million and a half had joined any of the veterans' organizations then in existence. Other authorities quote slightly different figures, but the general impression remains —what happened following the last war is happening again now. Most of the fighting men aren't joining anything so far. As I have suggested before, they're from Missouri, and they're waiting to be shown. The ideals they fought for may not be too clear in their minds, but anybody who wants them to join his organization will have to do more than bandy those ideals glibly about as a come-on. The ideals will have to be put hard to work in the form of practical, everyday returns before the majority of veterans, apparently, will relax their skeptical guard.

It may be that the old-line veterans' organizations which began to flourish after the last war—the Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Disabled American Veterans—have not so far been able to show the veterans of this war enough of this kind of return to bring them into the fold in very large numbers. The Legion and its supporters, as part of the drive to increase membership, have recently been urging the new veterans "to come in and take over," to make it into their organization,

on their own terms. This policy has even been supported here and there by a few liberal groups and newspapers, the argument being that the Legion could be "liberalized," its established financial position utilized and its vast and influential power thrown behind more progressive causes with greater success than would be the case if new veterans attempted to establish new organizations of their own. On this theory, the Communists urge veterans to join the Legion in an effort to fight its conservatism from within. It must be admitted that such an argument has its merits, but it has been attempted on several occasions without success. As Bill Mauldin pointed out in a recent article in *Life,* veterans of this war have found, and will continue to find, the process of invading and capturing the leadership of the Legion an extremely difficult one, even at the local post level. The veterans of the last war are not likely to relinquish control of their organization to a bunch of youngsters whom they respect as fighting men but whose experience "in this sort of enterprise" they consider limited and unseasoned.

Other than this, the old-line outfits must stand on their records. The record of the Legion has not been auspiciously democratic, to say the least. And in the matter of the original G.I. Bill, which both the Legion and the VFW have claimed as their exclusive brain-child, the limitations and the legal red tape it contained have not seemed a very substantial return on the ideals for which the veteran traded blood, time, and a normal life. As amended last December, it is somewhat better, although it still doesn't offer much to the man who came through unscathed, who doesn't want to go back to school, or who has no immediate desire to borrow money on a home or a business. The only real benefit it gives to the average veteran is that of compensation if he should be unemployed —at the rate of $20 per week. Aside from the G.I. Bill, the old-line veterans' organizations haven't shown the World War II veterans that they really stand for anything very substantial, other than the traditional bonus, the monthly harangue at the local post and the yearly brawl at the national convention, if indeed, these could be termed substantial.

It remains then for the new veterans' organizations which have grown out of World War II to show the returning fighting men that they really mean business in this task of combining ideals with practical necessities. Among the new and mushrooming organizations which have sprung up all over the country, there is one for reserve naval officers

only, and several others which are obviously fascist in intent and leadership, under the guidance of men like Joe McWilliams, Gerald L. K. Smith, and Father Coughlin.

Of the other new organizations, only two appear to have caught on substantially with the skeptical veterans of this war. One is The American Veterans of World War II (Amvets). Amvets claims to have the largest membership of any of the new groups—20,000 and growing. Although most veterans seem to have heard of it, there is difficulty in finding many who know what it stands for or what it has done so far. Its constitution and by-laws are full of the usual phrases about "freedom, liberty, and justice for all," maintaining "inviolate the freedom of our country," preserving "the fundamentals of democracy and Americanism," and promoting "the cause of perpetual peace and good will among nations." These are worthy aims, to be sure, and its specific purposes and principles, as expressed in its constitution, are along generally democratic lines. With the exception of its pseudo-military setup (providing for a "National Commander," "a judge advocate," and so on) and provisions for authoritative control of local posts from the top down, it might serve the veteran of this war to good advantage. On the other hand, there is nothing to prevent it from becoming to the new veteran what the Legion was to the veteran of the last war. So far its activities have not been extensive enough to judge one way or the other.

The new organization which seems most likely to prove it means business, however, is The American Veterans' Committee (AVC). It has probably had more publicity on its aims and activities, recently, than any of the existing veterans' groups, old or new. Its temporary national chairman, Charles G. Bolté, who enlisted in the British army before Pearl Harbor and lost a leg at El Alamein, has had articles in *Harpers,* the *Nation, Tomorrow,* the *New York Times* magazine section; he has been written up in *Time,* and one of his articles on improving the Veterans Administration hospitals was read into the *Congressional Record* by Representative Jerry Voorhis of California. As if all this were not enough, Bolté's book, *The New Veteran,* which Reynal and Hitchcock published early in December was recently reprinted, in abbreviated form, in *Life.* The book itself has had favorable reviews, notably Bill Mauldin's in the *New York Herald Tribune* book section. As such, and because they may be able to organize the veterans of this war into a pressure group based

on progressive ideals, working to translate them into progressive action, Bolté's book and the American Veterans' Committee are worthy of further comment and scrutiny.

III

The New Veteran is frankly, and without apology, an argument for the AVC, which Bolté helped to found and in which he strongly believes. Fortunately, it is also a good deal more than this. It is also the first, and so far the only, book to appear which discusses the overpublicized "veteran's problem" with intelligence, common sense, and restraint. In this respect, although Bolté aimed it primarily at the veteran, the book is of considerable value to the public at large, which has been lectured from every conceivable angle about the "veteran's problem" until it is worried sick over it. Bolté has purposely avoided the usual psychological mumbo-jumbo with which others before him have confused, for the public and the veteran alike, the actual problems involved in the veteran's readjustment to civilian life. His approach is both clear and concise. Speaking for veterans in general Bolté writes, in his first chapter:

> With the knowledge we have gained of living with each other, with our new skills and disciplines, we can certainly give much to our families, our neighbors, our country, and our world. We have the best reasons to hate war and to work for peace, at home and abroad. But we can only give the good things we have learned in a society where we can take our places as normal and productive citizens. We cannot give in a society where we are regarded as half-heroes and half problems; in a society which fences us off from the rest of itself . . . ; by a society which turns us against other groups in that society. . . . Most of us are not anxious for special privileges—we are deeply interested in being helped, *if we need help,* to reach the normal civilian status we would have held if we had not gone to war. We don't want to be regarded as problem children, nor do we want to be lionized as heroes for the first six months at home and then forgotten. . . . The new 12 million are a standing challenge to the existing order of things. We can use our great power to diminish the evil of that order, or we can use it to diminish the good. Which course we choose will be determined as much by what civilians do now as by what veterans do in the future.

With the exception of the first few chapters—in which he briefly and simply records his own war experience—Bolté's book is an account of the way in which the men who began AVC accepted their side of the

challenge to diminish the evils in the existing order. It tells of the origin and growth of AVC, the principles on which its program and policies are based, and the manner in which the organization developed its activities. AVC's aim, in essence, was to work for "a more democratic and prosperous America and a more stable world," and this phrase has remained as its motto all along. With Bolté acting as co-ordinator between the men still in the service and those already discharged, the organization began quite modestly, functioning at first as a clearing house for an exchange of ideas and opinions between members. It developed from this into a highly articulate and increasingly active organization, expressing itself on issues of full employment, housing, the control of atomic energy, and recommending progressive action on all manner of problems of concern to the veteran and the ordinary citizen—from suggestions for improvement of the Veterans Administration to support of the United Nations organization. It drew up a statement of intentions which was, and has been, the only criterion it demanded its members adhere to until the first post-demobilization convention could be held, a constitution adopted and permanent officers elected. (This convention is now scheduled for next June, by which time it is hoped that most of the members still in the service will have been discharged.) There was no discrimination, according to the statement of intentions, because of race, creed, color, or sex. The only qualification for membership was service in the armed forces of the United States or her allies. Members of the merchant marine, significantly, were welcomed.

The purposes listed on the statement were clear and simply put: whatever assistance is needed to help every veteran return to civilian life; a job for every veteran under private enterprise in which business, labor, agriculture and government work together to provide full employment and full production for the nation; thorough social and economic security; the democratic freedoms of press, speech, worship, assembly, and ballot; the disarmament of Germany and Japan and the elimination of the power of their militarist classes; active participation of the United States in the United Nations organization; and the establishment of an international veterans' council for the furtherance of world peace and justice among the peoples of all nations.

In the implementation of these purposes its underlying philosophy has been that the problems of the veteran are essentially those of society

in general. In contrast to other veterans' groups, it does not support a bonus, on the basis that a bonus is merely a temporary stop-gap in the solution of the more fundamental problem now facing society—unemployment. Accordingly, Bolté appeared before Congress and strongly urged the passage of the original Full Employment Bill. AVC's local chapters have consistently supported liberal housing legislation in their own communities, refusing to restrict themselves to veterans' housing alone. In the area of world affairs, it was the only veterans' group to send delegates to the San Francisco conference of the United Nations; while in San Francisco its delegates reached an understanding with veterans from the other United Nations for the establishment of a United Nations Veterans' League. A month after the first use of the atomic bomb it sent recommendations to President Truman urging that steps be taken for international control of atomic energy and the bomb within the framework of the UNO. And it has had its representatives in Washington from the beginning, working in support of other legislation which it considered important in the light of its expressed purposes.

Obviously, such actions as these on the part of a veterans' organization are not in the tradition under which veterans' organizations have functioned in the past. Other organizations, such as the Legion, have considered lobbying a vital part of their activities, to be sure, but none of them have taken such a consistently progressive stand, nor has the extension of their activities into those areas outside the special interest of the veteran been undertaken on the basis of the *general* welfare—though it often professed to be.

In general, AVC seems to represent a new and vital force in national affairs, a force which affords veterans the opportunity to express themselves as citizens as well as former fighting men on the issues for which they fought—namely, peace, jobs, and security. It is still too early to tell whether it will attract enough widespread veteran support to become as influential toward the achievement of its aims as, for example, the Legion has been toward the achievement of entirely different aims. AVC has recently been accused by Westbrook Pegler of being Communist-dominated (remember that the Communists actually prefer the Legion to AVC)—but perhaps any accusation by Pegler is a distinct point in its favor. It has also been accused of being composed largely of "college boy intellectuals," with no real foundation in popular grassroots support.

Its membership, however, is growing every day; the *AVC Bulletin,* its eight-page bimonthly publication, states that 2,500 new members were added in the last week of January alone. The same issue of the *Bulletin* reports that a Marine sergeant recently sent in the names of 236 enlisted men of the marines, army, and navy who joined while still on occupation duty in Japan; this would indicate that popular, grassroots support is not entirely lacking. A scrutiny of its National Planning Committee members reveals that most of them were, or are, enlisted men or women, with a sprinkling of correspondents and newspapermen such as John Hersey and Merle Miller. It obviously is not run by high-ranking officers, although many officers such as Harold Stassen and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. have joined the organization as members, and some are serving on its Armed Forces Advisory Committee. Outstanding among these is Colonel Evans Carlson, the democratically-minded ex-C.O. of the famed Marine Raiders in the Pacific. The local chapters are asked to aid in the formation of national and international policy, and the national headquarters, in New York City, appears to be highly sensitive to the will of the membership at large. It seems to be run from the bottom up, and not from the top down by members of "the brass and the gold braid."

The American Veterans' Committee may well be the organization the veterans have been waiting for. It remains to be seen, however, whether it can present the "I'm-from-Missouri" boys with enough publicized, realistic action to convince them it means business. If it fails to show the "boys from Missouri," they will become more convinced than ever of the possibility of "a peace that will *stink.*" If it fails, moreover, there is little chance that another democratic veterans' organization of sufficient size will ever be established which can translate the inarticulate hopes of the twelve million into a progressive force working for national prosperity and international peace. Those men who don't join any veterans' organization will merge with the traditional temper of the people as a whole, and those who decide to join *something* will drift into the Legion or the VFW. The unified pressure of twelve million men will have been lost to the democratic cause. It is clearly up to the American Veterans' Committee, in the next year or two, to offer the alternative.

A FOURTH ENTENTE CORDIALE?

By ALBERT GUÉRARD

Just as Pétain and Weygand had made up their minds to rush into total surrender, the British Government, through its ambassador, formally proposed to the French a complete and indissoluble merging of the two countries: "The two Governments declare that France and Great Britain shall no longer be two nations, but one Franco-British Union." The proposal was not accepted: it would have interfered with the "national revolution" that Pétain and Laval had already planned. In the catastrophic rush of events, the episode passed almost unnoticed. It seemed a mere gesture of despair, as futile as it was dramatic, a flash in the murk of disaster, leaving darkness more absolute. It was in the grand Churchillian manner, and people took it for granted that Churchill, and Churchill alone, was responsible for it. The whole story was soon buried in oblivion; and it was surmised that if Churchill ever knew what it really meant, he had conveniently forgotten.

This impression is not accurate. The proposal for a Franco-British Union was more than a hopeless gamble; it had acquired definiteness and a quasi-official status long before the 16th of June, 1940. A number of men, during the "phony war," had come to realize that the divisions between the Western democracies were suicidal. France and England had the same principles, the same interests, the same enemies; but their actions were not synchronized. It is in the nature of democracies to fumble: only a Mussolini can be invariably right. But one democracy may fumble and recover; when two democracies serve the same cause each in its own unco-ordinated way, the result is confusion compounded and irretrievable. The military alliance between France and England had already been made as stringent as possible. But a mere military alliance would not suffice. It was in the diplomatic field that the war had been all but lost even before it began. Worst of all, the democracies were still being defeated on the ideological front. While they gave an impression of bewilderment, the Nazis were offering a picture of inexorable

purpose, and a sensitive poetess could urge America to recognize in their irresistible sweep "the wave of the future."

The democracies, in their strange, almost nightmarish paralysis of will and thought, had at least a nebulous vision of the road to safety. Both Chamberlain and Daladier, blind leaders though they were, groped toward a closer union, and proclaimed its necessity. The idea was approaching the final, official stage. The story of the attempt has not been fully written: few people dare to claim their share in a cause that apparently failed. The clearest statement, tantalizingly brief, is found in *Mes Prisons,* a diary recently published by Count Jean de Pange. De Pange, a French Lorrainer, belongs, like Coudenhove-Kalergi, to the fossil, prenationalistic world of a cosmopolitan aristocracy. He is "a good European" as was Prince de Ligne, or even Metternich. Equally at home in Vienna, London, and Paris, he hoped to check Nazism and to organize Europe through "a Federation of Federations." Of these Unions, two, he thought, were indispensable, and ripe for immediate realization: the Danubian and the Franco-British. Each was highly desirable in itself: combined, they would be irresistible. Unfortunately, de Pange linked the Danubian idea with Habsburg Legitimism, which was radically opposed by Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. The Habsburgs had on their record long generations of misrule; to their credit, only two years of belated liberal velleities under Kaiser Karl.

The Danubian Federation under Archduke Otto was de Pange's pet scheme; he reports on the Franco-British Union in a cooler, more detached spirit, which makes his testimony all the more valid. In February, 1940, he went to Oxford, to address the Royal Institute of Foreign Affairs. He stopped over in London. There he was entertained by that great veteran, Lord (Robert) Cecil, who expressed hearty approval of the Franco-British Union as a nucleus. At Oxford, the details of the plan were discussed: a single parliament, or delegations from two separate bodies? Sir William Beveridge, just back from a debate in Edinburgh, was strongly in favor of the idea. He too went into practical points, the principle being taken for granted: in what manner would the joint ministers of the Union be made responsible before the delegations? More meetings in London on the way back. M. de Pange talked the matter over, not only with officials, but with representatives of the press and of literature, Norman Angell, Wickham Steed, Priestley, Somerset Maugham, Ward Price.

Everywhere he found the utmost coolness toward his Habsburg scheme, the greatest enthusiasm for the Franco-British Union.

Then came the sudden onslaught, the *Blitzkrieg*. England could extricate her men: neither her ships nor her planes could offer any assistance to the French, who felt themselves abandoned and almost betrayed. A few days after the Armistice came the crippling of the French fleet at Mers-el-Kebir: a tragedy upon which history must reserve judgment. For many Englishmen, it was the end of all *Ententes Cordiales:* the injuries we suffer are easier to forgive than those we inflict. From that moment, Franco-British relations have been a chaos of heroic cooperation, distrust, enmity, mutual admiration, mutual contempt, a riotous confusion of ambivalent feelings which might at any moment crystallize into hatred or love. And as under Franklin Roosevelt, America had no policy but to follow England, that confusion affected our relations with France. The material facts of current history are confused enough; but the feelings which give the events their full significance are more troublous still.

II

To a student of Franco-British affairs, this is an all-too-familiar story. For nine hundred years, England and France have been linked, and we might say locked, in a close and angry companionship. According to Seeley, they have been engaged in no less than three Hundred Years' Wars. No two countries have expressed more constant and more virulent aversion for each other than France and England. (Unless it be England and Scotland: Lord Tweedsmuir—John Buchan—was brought up in the feeling that "against our little land there had always stood England, vast, menacing and cruel.") The two outstanding figures in French history, Joan of Arc and Napoleon, were martyred by the English. On the credit side, it must be said that the two countries also have had a singular fascination for each other. "That sweet enemy, France," said Sir Philip Sidney; and in Paris, Anglophobia and Anglomania are equally rife. From the Norman Conquest to the days of Horace Walpole, Beckford, and Gibbon, French culture has been an indispensable part of England's background. In return, it was in England that Voltaire discovered himself, and he has been aptly called "England's best gift to France." The whole Enlightenment was indissolubly Franco-British. While kings fought, the mutual appreciation of the two countries went on unabated,

and British prisoners of war were great social favorites. French Romanticism followed four masters, all British and oddly assorted: Shakespeare, "Ossian," Walter Scott and Lord Byron. The two countries have been at peace for a hundred and thirty years; during that long period, there have been no less than three professed *Ententes Cordiales.* No nation could receive warmer tributes of love than France did from George Meredith, Swinburne, John Morley, George Moore, Patrick Geddes, Ford Madox Ford, Oliver Madox Huefer, Charles Morgan, D. W. Brogan. If all the elements of an eternal feud are there, so there are also the foundations of a "more perfect union."

* * *

The great opportunity was missed in 1919. The League, which failed to include America, Germany, and Russia, was in fact a Franco-British condominium. Had the two countries worked in harmony, they had it in their power to promote a peaceful and equitable world order. But they were at odds, before the Versailles Treaty was signed. For their differences, France must bear a heavy responsibility. I condemned at the time the manners of Clemenceau and the spirit of Poincaré, and I see no reason for apologizing to their shades. In addition, the French in 1919 were cocky—even such a thorough gentleman as Foch. They felt they had borne the brunt of the fighting, repelled the Germans decisively at the Marne and Verdun, led the Grand Alliance to final victory. They were almost as unbearable as we and the Russians must seem today in the eyes of our friends: victory is a heady brew. This admitted—and France paid the full price for her brief jag of "glory"—I sincerely believe that the French were not the worse offenders. They got rid of Clemenceau, and they got rid of Poincaré. The men who best represented their postwar ideal were Briand and Herriot.

The "realism" and shiftiness of Lloyd George were obviously nefarious. It was he who won a Khaki election with the slogans: "Hang the Kaiser!" and "Squeeze them till the pips squeak!" He too was thrown into the discard; but better men were little wiser, and lived to acknowledge their errors. In Stephen Bonsal's *Unfinished Business,* we see how Lord (Robert) Cecil opposed Léon Bourgeois at every turn, and considered him as a crank and a bore. In 1939, Lord Cecil acknowledged that Léon Bourgeois, who wanted an international General Staff, was right. Sir

William Beveridge, in *The Price of Peace,* admits that the French were right "in the short run," when they insisted on the strict application of treaties. When you want to reach the fair valley of peace below, it is wise "in the short run," to follow the clearly marked road; for, if you jumped over the cliff, there would be no "long run" to follow.

The French had a definite policy: collective security, and respect for international obligations, until they were altered by due process of law. The British thwarted that policy, and substituted for it three hoary traditions. These three ghosts still stand in the path of peace.

The first was the ancient balance of power fallacy: any country that grows so strong that it might dominate the continent must be brought down: *debellare superbos.* France, in 1919, had prestige, a large victorious army; she was ready, as England was not, to strike alliances and accept commitments; for a while, it looked as though she would rule Europe —unwisely, no doubt, as a dominant power invariably rules. So England shifted her weight to the German side. For this half-conscious Machiavellism, she had no lack of virtuous names. She stood for liberty, for reconciliation, for peace, against the blustering, vindictive, militaristic French. She was instinctively for the underdog. Not always a wise or generous policy: the underdog might be the vicious dog that had started the fight.

The second British tradition was to reject any hard and fast commitment. It is true that in a democracy no government has a right to bind its successors, and that nothing could be more dangerous than the policy: "My ally, right or wrong!" But the refusal to give definite pledges means the perpetuation of international anarchy. Germany would not have attacked in 1914—or, for that matter, in 1938, in the Austrian and Sudeten crises—if she had known for certain that England and France would offer a single front. On this point, Labor was even less reliable than the Tories. Norman Angell reminded de Pange that in 1924, Herriot had attempted to secure from Ramsay MacDonald a formal promise of support, if Germany should again be the aggressor. MacDonald rejected the request "with anger." England spurns the written word: she has no written Constitution and no written code. This absence of specific engagements is not disastrous in home affairs: tradition provides a steadying force. With strangers, a formal bond is needed.

England's third guiding principle—if the term can be used to denote the worship of confusion—was her scorn of logic, her reliance on "mud-

dling through somehow." In reality, these three trends in British policy —balance of power, no entanglements, no clear-cut, logical thought— merely supported the ancient rule which is identical with nationalism at its narrowest: *sacro egoismo*. On every subject, at all times, England would consider nothing but her own immediate interests. As was said in 1938, Mr. Chamberlain was most willing to give away Czechoslovakia, but not his umbrella: for *that* was British. On that basis, only the law of the jungle remains. It is realistic enough, if you happen to like that kind of reality.

England was most successful in her masterly game. After Barthou's death at Marseilles on October 9, 1934, every trace of France's hegemony disappeared. France could no longer have a policy of her own. Her one hope was to retain the good will of England. From a partner, she had been reduced to the position of a satellite.

When Germany tore the disarmament stipulations of the Versailles Treaty, what could France do? The English Government hastened to make a naval agreement with Germany, allowing her to build up a navy (35 per cent of the British) stronger than that of France. Again, when a year later (1936), Germany remilitarized the Rhineland, France was powerless; for the British had given no pledge, and many of them thought Hitler had a good case. In the Spanish crisis, Léon Blum wanted to use his right under international law, and sell armament to the legitimate government; he was notified that if, on that account, he should get into trouble with Germany or Italy, he could not depend on England's assistance. The annexation of Austria was accepted by England without demur: it was France who had previously blocked a surreptitious *Anschluss*. Finally, in the crisis which ended at Munich with "peace in our time," the British gave away the central bastion of anti-Nazi resistance, Czechoslovakia, with the Runciman mission and the blazing indiscretion of an inspired article in *The Times*. England could do so with a clear conscience: she had no obligations to Czechoslovakia. France had: but England had seen to it that she could not fulfill them.

So England had her wish: she held the balance of power in Europe. The years of her unquestioned predominance were also years of fumbling and capitulation: Churchill was a voice clamoring in the wilderness. For this, the English as a people are not responsible: they showed a clearer sense of their duty than did their leaders. It would be futile to arraign

individuals: Bonar Law, Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain, were not great statesmen; but neither were they utter knaves and fools. The fault lies with the loose, instinctive, irresistible tradition: keep Europe divided, no commitments, and above all, no logic. The same "un-principles" are at work again, perhaps worse than ever, under a triumphant Labor Government. They failed to avert war in 1914 and in 1939; they were not responsible for victory, in 1918 or in 1945. In them there is no hope for peace.

* * *

Paradoxically, it was Marshal Smuts who started again the train of thought which might lead to a fourth *Entente Cordiale,* a Franco-British Union, and ultimately the federation of democratic Europe. In a speech delivered in London on November 25, 1943, he stated bluntly that "France has gone, and will be gone in our day, and perhaps for many a day," which proves that Old Masters and Super-Statesmen are not all endowed with infallible intuition. But, in the same speech, he recognized that England was not a "giant" in the same class as the United States and Russia; that if she wanted to retain a position second to none, she would have to find allies on the continent. "England must cease to be an island." Decisive words. In time they will be heeded.

What allies? Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland? No doubt. But they bring England no accession of strength. They are hostages, liabilities. What then? Germany? Such was the dream of Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes, half a century ago. It will be many years before it can be revived. England has only one inevitable ally on the continent, and in the Mediterranean as well, and that is France.

France left outside the British system would be forced into some other—either the Russian or the Central European: a game dangerous for all concerned, and for England first of all. On the contrary, we all feel, as in 1914, as in 1939, that a genuine, well implemented Entente Cordiale would be both irresistible and beneficent. In all essentials, the two countries have the same ideal, and are exposed to the same dangers. Their economies are complementary. Repeatedly in the past, they have been each other's best customer. By themselves alone, they would form a compact block of nearly one hundred millions. But they would not be alone. They would at once attract not only the smaller countries of the

northwest, but Italy and Spain, as soon as they are democratic again. I for one believe that Central Europe would more naturally gravitate toward a liberal-socialistic West (which is the present complexion of both England and France) than toward totalitarian Communism. As Lord Cecil felt in 1939, the Franco-British Union is not an end in itself. It only provides a solid nucleus. Ultimately, all Europe west of the Curzon line would be, not twenty jealous countries, but a single Union, "in common defense of justice and freedom."

It should be obvious that such a Union is not directed against Russia. The first, the most imperious task of European statesmanship is to allay Russia's fears; for, strangely enough, the victorious Titan professes to be trembling. If Russia were to be obdurate, then the Union would be hastened. For to tell Europe, "Thou shalt not unite," is to assume an overlordship which Europe will not brook for long. Union is inevitable: war is not.

There is only one key to reconciliation, in Europe, and throughout the world, and that is equality. The price of peace is the renunciation of privilege. Supremacy imposed by force will be challenged by force. This is particularly true in the case of England and France. There can be no lasting alliance, there can be no genuine *Entente Cordiale,* without absolute equality: and the full consequence of that equality is Union, as proposed on the sixteenth of June, 1940. The British must recognize that, beyond the narrow Channel, there dwell human beings, with their rights and with their pride. General de Gaulle's frank offer to bring closer together the family of Western nations was statesmanlike. Today, both countries have new governments, not wholly committed to the bad old ways. A Franco-British Union was wisdom in 1939; it remains wisdom in 1946.

BOOKS

OCCUPATION POLICY: GERMANY AND JAPAN

By DAVID DEMPSEY

For the sake of convenience, we may classify the various approaches to the "German problem" as follows:

Modern Germany is a militaristic nation in which real democracy has never worked. We should concern ourselves primarily with preventing a resurgence of her power. It is up to the German people themselves to work out their political destiny.[1]

A democratic Germany is the best guarantee we have of a peaceful Germany. Our policy should be aimed at providing the conditions for a workable German republic. The fact that strong democratic movements have existed in Germany during the past hundred years proves that the people are not congenitally opposed to, or incapable of, democracy.[2] [3]

Whatever their political potentialities, the German people have demonstrated a perverted mentality bordering on the paranoiac which explodes in recurrent aggression and wanton brutality. The solution, in part at least, is psychological.[3] (Bricker, and Fromm, in previous studies.)

Germany's industrial strength is the basis of her warmaking power. This industrial potential must be destroyed, or controlled solely in the interests of peace.[1] [4]

German nationalism is at the root of German aggression. Germany, therefore, must be partitioned and decentralized.[1] [2]

German militarism is a product of Prussian, especially Junker, dominance. The Junker caste must be stripped of all power and influence.[3]

Germany's future is linked with the future of Europe and any attempt to control Germany at the expense of over-all European economy will be prohibitive.[4] She is, furthermore, a pawn vis-a-vis Russia and Anglo-America. The German problem is essentially one of Big Three co-operation.[5]

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[1] *Germany Is Our Problem*. By Henry Morgenthau, Jr. Harper, 1945. $2.

[2] *Federalism and Regionalism in Germany: The Division of Prussia*. By Arnold Brecht. Oxford University Press, 1945. $2.50.

[3] *The Junker Menace*. By Frederick Martin. Richard R. Smith, 1945. $2.

[4] *The Control of Germany and Japan*. By Harold G. Moulton and Louis Marlio. The Brookings Institution, 1944. $2.

[5] *Europe in Revolution*. By John Scott. Houghton Mifflin, 1945. $3.

Not all of these approaches have been applied to defeated Germany. So far as we know, there has been no attempt to get at the psychological roots of German aggressiveness, and our policy in respect to Germany as an integral part of Europe has been notoriously confused and weak. Nor have we, except for the holding of free elections, taken a hand in actively promoting democracy. This leaves us the "hard peace" plans, the best known of which is that of Henry Morgenthau, Jr. *Germany Is Our Problem* is Mr. Morgenthau's documentation of the memorandum which President Roosevelt took with him to the Quebec Conference in September, 1944, and much of which is embodied in the Potsdam Declaration.

There is so much that is right about the Morgenthau plan that it is easy to overlook its faults. It assumes that our first responsibility is to keep Germany powerless to wage another war, and that the redemption of the German people and their reintegration into world society is secondary and purely a matter for the Germans themselves to work out. Mr. Morgenthau does not indicate that these two factors are necessarily interdependent. The peace of Europe rests upon Germany's incapability, rather than her unwillingness, to wage war.

To accomplish this Mr. Morgenthau advocates the demilitarization of the Reich (with which there can be no argument); the ceding of certain areas to neighboring countries; the partitioning of Germany into two autonomous, independent states (built around Bavaria in the south and Prussia in the north); the deindustrialization and internationalization of the Ruhr; the political decentralization of the country; strict control over German industry for at least twenty years, with the complete abolition of the aircraft industry; the breaking up of large estates and their division among the peasants. Only thus, he believes, can we be sure that Germany will not start World War III.

Would such a program work an inhuman hardship on the German people? Mr. Morgenthau is at some pains to prove that it would not. A partitioned, agricultural Germany could be made, after a few transitional dislocations, self-sufficient. The redistribution of her manufacturing and processing industries throughout the rest of Europe would balance the economy of the continent and benefit everybody. At best, Germany filled a relatively small proportion of Europe's needs, and absorbed a relatively small proportion of exports. "The end of heavy industry in

Germany will permit transfer of factories to the very places where they would have been located in the first place if access to raw materials, markets, labor, and power had been the really decisive factors in European development." Furthermore, "total employment in the group of heavy industries to be forbidden Germany was only a little over 4,000,000. . . . [in 1933] Germany without heavy industry had the manpower and acreage to feed her people. . . . Germans just before the war were raising 83 per cent of all the food they consumed."

In evaluating the Morgenthau plan, two assumptions must be challenged, namely, that a strong Germany and a peaceful Europe are necessarily incompatible, and that (granted the first assumption) deindustrialization is a practicable method of controlling German economy.

In a study published previous to Morgenthau's, Harold Moulton and Louis Marlio inferentially question both these propositions. In the light of their findings, the danger of the Morgenthau plan is that it is—in any perspective of history—economically retrogressive, and too cumbersome and difficult to enforce. Political partition, for instance, does not necessarily prevent a nation from utilizing stockpiles and resources from the separated territory, nor does political decentralization reduce the economic articulation of a nation's parts. Furthermore, to destroy the economic unity of the Reich is to destroy the normal conditions of commerce, employment, and manufacture. Not Germany alone but all of Europe would suffer.

The prospect of transforming the Reich into a passive island, reduced to fellah status within an otherwise rationalized European economy, is a bit of Utopianism that runs through much of the literature on the subject. It assumes that the surrounding waters would lap at the shores of Germany with immaculate indifference. The conclusive nature of political and economic change in Europe today hardly supports this assumption.

It is the belief of the authors of the Brookings Institution study that an agricultural Germany would not support the present population, whose vast increase in modern times has been made possible only through the development of industrialism. Granted that some control is necessary, the authors believe that Germany's electric power industry offers more possibilities than her heavy industry, chemical manufacture, or finance.

This would permit control of industry without its destruction. Inspection of the end products would be necessary, but as long as these were filling only Germany's normal peacetime requirements there would be no need to limit the quantities produced. Such a view, needless to say, ignores the danger of a strong industrial economy which, with powerful foreign trade ties and large potential, is capable of quick conversion to war. Unless political re-education accompanies control, the prosperity of Germany remains an unknown quantity in its influence on peace or war.

Two books which emphasize the social and political aspects of the problem are Frederick Martin's *The Junker Menace* and Arnold Brecht's *Federalism and Regionalism in Germany*. With Martin, a former German who is now an American citizen, the Junkers are something of a phobia and his book suffers from an oversimplification of their influence on modern German history. With Brecht, the problem is one of federalism, which gave Prussia an inordinate degree of power in the German state.

The Junker Menace is an excellent analysis of the Junker role in German history. The Junkers are at once the most homogeneous and reactionary group in the Reich, constituting the professional military caste, dominating the industrialists, and wielding enormous influence on Germany's conservative bureaucracy. Germany must be economically and psychologically cleansed of Junkerism. With this proposal, few would disagree.

Deeper than the economic stranglehold, in Martin's opinion, is the psychological pattern which centuries of Junker "morality" have imposed on the German people.

> The Junker does not think of honor as an inherent moral quality of the individual, but rather as a quality reflecting the distinction between upper and lower caste. . . . The same false notion of honor appears also in the German concept of international relations and of war. A nation's "honor" consists in being feared. . . . The present German mentality is the result of a reciprocal relation between the master morality and the serf morality.

The Nazis, indeed, drew upon this basic German willingness to accept a "leadership" morality, although few of the important Nazis were hereditary Junkers. "The psychological method is the only effective one in dealing with the German problem," Martin says. Economic measures will not remove the seat of aggression, although they would

admittedly make aggression more difficult. He advocates the wholesale physical removal of the Junkers from their estates[6] (a policy now being carried out by the Russians); the uprooting of army officers, continued vigilance against a re-emergence of Nazism, liberalization of German bureaucracy, and the stripping of power from the Junkers' accomplices in industry. He agrees with Morgenthau that Germany, psychologically, needs a hard peace.

> If we try to please them, it would be an appeasement of those who suffer from megalomania; it would confirm them in their insane conceit and thus prepare for the next world war. A sound decision, unpopular though it may be at first, will slowly be understood and later on thankfully accepted by the majority of the German people.

The elimination of Prussia—seat of Junkerism—as an independent, autonomous state is the burden of Arnold Brecht's thesis in *Federalism and Regionalism in Germany*. Prussia at the time of the collapse of the German Republic included three-fifths of the national population. Its influence was chiefly felt among the landed aristocrats, big industrialists, military-minded nationalists, and the bureaucracy. Its power within Germany can be understood if we reverse the role of our own "deep South" and imagine it as comprising three-fifths of our population. Were this the case, the pattern of democracy in the United States would be far different.

Such a comparison must be submitted to one radical and seemingly contradictory qualification: Prussia as an entity included relatively more democratic voters than did the nation as a whole and, chiefly because of its large urban centers, remained the bulwark of the truly democratic forces in the Republic throughout its tumultuous and unhappy life. It was the democratic Prussian cabinet "which as early as November, 1922, outlawed the National Socialist Party in Prussia, forbade members of the Prussian civil service to be members of the party, and conducted police action against the Nazis with comparative vigor."

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[6] "In 1938, fewer than 7,000 Junker families owned almost one-fourth of all German land in farms. They and their satellite landowners of large estates, 34,000 in all, owned more than one-third of the land. The other 3,200,000 farm families owned less than two-thirds." (Morgenthau)

Why, then, eliminate Prussia? Not because its influence was consistently bad, argues Brecht, but because it was a functional monstrosity in a federal form of government. Once Hitler gained control of Prussia, the manipulation of the balance of Germany was easy. The German Republic itself recognized the historical imbalance of a large Prussia by endeavoring (through the Official Reform Committee in 1928-30) to revise German federalism and eliminate Prussia as a state. "When the Committee proposed the abolition of Prussia as a single unit it did so without any regard for foreign policy or for the ideas and wishes of foreign countries."

Brecht's recommendations for the structure of postwar Germany are chiefly political. (1) Prussia ought to be eliminated as a single unit within Germany, thus giving the Reich greater equalization of federal powers; (2) Germany should have again some kind of federal structure (largely destroyed by Hitler); (3) the Federal Council, abolished by Hitler in 1934, ought to be revived; (4) States with fewer than two million inhabitants ought not to be restored to the full possession of their state rights (thus eliminating the multiplicity of enclaves and tiny states which cluttered up the Republic with their archaic powers).

If one desires to continue the parallel between American and German federalism, however, it would appear that although the political weakness of Germany's federal system contributed to the mechanical failure of German republicanism it was by no means the sole cause. As Brecht points out, unlike its American counterpart little of German federalism stemmed from democratic ideas. To this it should be added that weaknesses in the American system have been overcome, not through increased defederalization, but increased centralization. It is the power of the poll tax states, for instance, which makes possible the vast difference in actual democracy between North and South. In Germany from 1920 to 1933, all the strictly democratic parties combined—Social Democratic, Liberal, and Catholic Center—never once obtained a majority in the national elections, even though these parties had their relatively greatest support in the largest state. There is no assurance that a new federalism will bring Germany a workable democracy.

Brecht's recommendations for a new German constitution are significant. It would

> contain certain sacrosanct principles and standards that could not be abolished or suspended by emergency decrees or any parliamentary or plebiscitarian majorities. . . . They should include fundamental principles regarding respect for the dignity of man, the prohibition of cruelties and tortures, the preclusion of *ex post facto* laws, equality before the law, and the democratic principle that the law itself cannot validly discriminate for reasons of faith or race.

In this respect, it should be remembered that the Weimar constitution was one of the most liberal in the world, and that it failed because German democracy was not organically capable of keeping it alive. Emphasis on the vertical institutions of democracy (trade unions, co-operatives) rather than entirely on the horizontal (states) can help prevent such a failure this time.

The problem of Germany (within the problem of Europe) as seen in John Scott's *Europe in Revolution* is that of postwar allied co-operation, particularly between two great dynamic power blocks: Russia and Anglo-America. To the extent that America's negative foreign policy supports Europe's counter-revolutionary forces it is bound to collide with Russia's. Germany could then become a puck in the hockey game of power politics, its pacification merely a struggle to gain control of its warmaking potential.

Mr. Scott has faith in Russia and does not believe this will happen if America keeps its head. If anything is clear about the interval between two world wars, it is that not our peacemaking machinery was inadequate, but rather the will of nations to make it operate. The Potsdam Declaration, and the peace treaty (when it comes to be written) will be meaningless if the Big Powers themselves are unable to solve their differences. Germany could then once more exploit the tragic split between progress and reaction.

Europe in Revolution is something of a corrective for books like Martin's and Morgenthau's, which see the problem of a peaceful Reich primarily as internal. At the moment, our problem is one of resuscitation, with the military government playing the role of a pulmotor squad to save their patient for the reform school. And although such an institution seems to be a doubtful place in which to foster democracy, there appears to be no other choice.

"It is always a mistake to divorce power from responsibility," Mr. Morgenthau writes. If Germany is our problem it is also our responsi-

bility, not only in the matter of disarmament but, insofar as we are able, in the democratic rehabilitation of her people and their introduction once more into a civilized community of nations. These are momentous objectives, but the peace of Europe will not settle for less.

II

Unlike Germany, the immediate "problem" in Japan is to see through the extreme eagerness of the Japanese to accommodate themselves to our occupation policy. The war criminals dutifully reported for arrest when their names were published; merchants cheerfully opened the Ginza to souvenir-hungry G.I.'s; shrines were turned into amusement parks; a large and militarily undefeated army obediently laid down its arms; and the emperor gave up his divinity (although not his throne). Not since the days of Gilbert and Sullivan has there been such a musical comedy compliance in the midst of the grim reality of defeat. What will happen when the director and prompter and props are taken away is anybody's guess.

The leading characters in this drama are the Mikado, whose relative authority in the Japanese hierarchy of power is approximately what it was before defeat; the militarists, on whom rests the burden of war guilt; the Zaibatsu and a tarnished aristocracy; and the people, who have begun to show a genuine enthusiasm for our presence in the hope that we mean what we say and that the oppressive burden which has so long rested on their backs will be lifted off.

Behind this performance, made grotesque by heads swollen with conceit and bellies swollen with hunger, are two deeper meanings which require a few program notes to explain. One is that the dissatisfaction of the mass of Japanese citizenry with their own leaders is quite real, and that among them our policy of reform is genuinely desired. The other is that the ostensible co-operation of the present rulers is a device aimed at the ultimate thwarting of the policy which they pretend to accept—the democratization of Japan. The second factor, in brief, cancels out the first. The emperor's voluntary disclaimer of divine origin, and the cabinet's exemplary conduct in the execution of our decrees, will have been a small price to pay if Hirohito keeps his throne and the Zaibatsu their fortunes.

This is a dangerous game for us to play, because usually it is a game we lose. Both Andrew Roth[7] and Willard Price[8] warn against seduction by Japan's prewar "liberals." The Japanese people themselves have been deceived by the "liberals" repeatedly since the Meiji Restoration of 1868, so that even during the country's most "democratic" periods constitutional and parliamentary "rights" were largely a matter of shadowboxing. The reintroduction of formal democratic institutions will not be enough if economic control of Japan is allowed to remain in the hands of the Zaibatsu.

Any one of the five largest trusts of this class (Mitsubishi, Mitsui, etc.) makes the Du Ponts look like pikers. According to Roth they controlled an estimated 62 per cent of the financial, industrial, and commercial wealth of the nation, a concentration matched on the agrarian side by the power of the landowners, 7.5 per cent of whom owned more than half the land. On top of this semifeudal economy, the Japanese ruling classes erected three powerful institutions to maintain the *status quo* and unify the people behind a policy of conquest: the emperor, State Shinto, and the state police. Contrary to general opinion, all of these are recent innovations, a fact which makes their abolition less of a problem than is commonly supposed.

The emperor in modern Japan dates back to 1868, but only during the last twenty-five years has emperor worship become a cult and an instrument for "channelizing religious impulses into the service of an aggressive state." State Shinto as a compulsory religion is another modern device for the indoctrination of evangelical militarism and self-sacrifice. The state police developed by the Japanese rulers reached its peak during the 1930's. The Japanese will welcome the dissolution of the repressive policy, State Shinto has no profound historical roots whatever (Old Shinto is the indigenous religion of Japan), and the emperor will eventually be deposed by the people themselves (Roth believes) if we weaken the economic stranglehold of the ruling cliques which have maintained him as front man for their domination.

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[7] *Dilemma in Japan*. By Andrew Roth. Little, Brown, 1945. $2.50. A good survey of recent Japanese social and political history.

[8] *Japan and the Son of Heaven*. By Willard Price. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1945. $2.75. A chatty, but also informative study of the emperor institution and its servitude to the military powers.

The most encouraging fact about our occupation of Japan is the recognition that a punitive peace is of no value unless corrective measures are instituted to insure economic prosperity and some form of real democracy. A beginning has been made under the aegis of General MacArthur (in itself a musical comedy touch). Taking the consensus of recommendations by Roth, Price, and Johnstone[9] as criteria, here is the extent to which we have begun to correct the basic political and economic evils of Japan.

1. *Japan should be stripped of her conquests.* (Moulton and Marlio point out that Japan's prewar colonies were fiscal liabilities, that her economic progress in the past was not attributable to colonial development, and that her future will depend chiefly upon the development of primary industries and the expansion of foreign trade.) Japan has, of course, been reduced to pre-imperial status.

2. *State Shinto should be eliminated.* MacArthur has instituted freedom of religion in Japan (which in this case is freedom from religion, as Price points out) and has forbidden the teaching of Shinto's chauvinistic doctrines. Institutionally, State Shinto has not been outlawed.

3. *Organized mikado-worship should be eliminated.* Few steps have been taken in this direction, Hirohito still remaining, like Mahomet's coffin, half way between heaven and earth so far as our policy makers are concerned. The emperor has not been declared a war criminal and no effort has been made to depose him.

4. *Control of education should be in allied hands.* This is partially accomplished; Japanese textbooks have been expurgated of their phoney interpretation of Japanese history.

5. *The state police should be abolished.* Reorganization of the police is under way, with elimination of its "Gestapo" functions and the arrest of many of the important police officials.

6. *Democracy should be instituted, with real power coming from the people.* All political parties are now legal, and political prisoners have been released from jail. The fascist Imperial Rule Assistance Association has been outlawed, as well as all secret societies. Labor legislation now exists which guarantees the rights of workers to organize and bargain collectively. The voting age has been lowered from 25 to 20 and the franchise given to women. "Thought control" is being abolished.

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[9]*The Future of Japan.* By William C. Johnstone. Oxford University Press, 1945. $2. A more cautious and academic study of the possible channels of reconstruction and control.

7. *The power of the Zaibatsu should be broken.* Trusts are being forced to liquidate their holdings and securities in the reorganized companies are being sold to the public, especially employees of the concerns, with a limit on the number of shares held by one family. Politically, however, the Zaibatsu seems to be playing an important role in the various Japanese cabinets; as a class they have escaped responsibility for war guilt.

8. *Agrarian reform should be instituted.* A beginning has been made in this direction. The American Occupation has ordered decrees to break up the large landed estates, which comprise 11,000,000 acres (4,000,000 owned by the imperial family) out of a total of 16,000,000 acres of farm lands; the abolition of share-cropping, and laws to prevent exploitation of tenants. Government credit on easy terms will be issued to help landless peasants acquire independent ownership of farms.

9. *Freedom of communication should be restored.* "Marked improvement was made in the selection and reporting of local and foreign news," General MacArthur's latest report states, adding that it has been made a "servant of democracy."[10]

10. *Political leaders should be trained.* We have preferred to work through the established leadership, at least those least tainted with war guilt. Japan's sizeable body of genuine liberals has been given no special encouragement by us.

Commendable as our program has been, it is still in the phase of removing onerous controls. A program of positive assistance is the necessary complement. To assume that a Japan with the political freedom to go democratic will make the democratic choice sadly neglects the inert realities of a semifeudal economy which still stands in a position to thwart whatever democratic aspirations the people may have.

However, it is not generally known that genuinely liberal forces have long existed in Japan, and I think it came as something of a surprise to the American public to read that MacArthur had liberated thousands of socialists, communists, and trade union leaders from Japanese prisons. Many thousands more avoided prison by keeping quiet. A few became expatriates. By our standards, their number is not large. Yet they constitute the nucleus of real democratic leadership. We have given them freedom but, by continuing to back the prewar "liberals"—who Price warns must be "eyed with suspicion and sifted with care"—no influence. And under the guise of maintaining stability we have tacitly supported

[10]This, and most other points in the list of reforms accomplished is taken from a dispatch to the *New York Times* of February 14, 1946.

the throne. It is hardly necessary to point out that the old order was basically unstable, having engaged in fourteen continuous years of warfare.

"Righting the wrongs of the insurgent and often disorderly groups," Price states, "will do far more to 'stabilize' Japan than the retention of a puppet emperor." By the same token, a government with a sound democratic base, with the attendant trust it will inspire in the rest of the Far East, will do more to keep the peace than all the Pacific bases we can fortify. We should not blame the Japanese people too severely if they are not overwhelmed with the logic of this. It is something that we, in America, must learn too.

BOOK NOTES

By PAUL BIXLER

The Economic Mind in American Civilization, 1606-1865. By Joseph Dorfman. 2 vols. Viking Press. 1946. $7.50.

These first two volumes of economic history by the chief student of the work of Thorstein Veblen have been long awaited. Stylistically not nearly so apt or readable as Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* or Beard's *Rise of American Civilization,* with which the work has been compared, it may well turn out to be even more seminal and stimulating to scholars.

The Truth About Unions. By Leo Huberman. Pamphlet Press, a Division of Reynal and Hitchcock. 1946. $1.

This, of course, does not cover all the truth about unions. It does not mention the needle trades or the garment workers unions. It only mentions John L. Lewis once, in a footnote referring to his withdrawal from the CIO (other labor leaders, especially Philip Murray, receive considerable space). It says nothing of factionalism, and does not spend much effort elucidating the rivalry and occasional cut-throat competition between AFL and CIO.

Nevertheless, on the basic points of how unions work, on the major types of unions, on jurisdictional differences, feather-bedding, racketeering, and strikes it gives a clear, brief treatment. The progressive unions (without being called progressive) are given the best of it—which is probably sound for popular

consumption. Format and illustrations are attractive, and the style might be described as slanted for Mr. Joe Reader.

The Growth of Constitutional Power in the United States. By Carl Brent Swisher. University of Chicago Press. 1946. $2.50.

A favorable review of our "written and unwritten" Constitution in the light of recent social and economic changes in the United States.

Russia and the Western World. By Max Laserson. Macmillan. 1945. $2.50.

This book by a Russian and American scholar, well informed in modern Russian and Anglo-American history, is one of the few fair-minded and good-tempered estimates of Russia's role in world affairs. In view of the recent American turmoil over Russian policy, it is particularly valuable for its long view.

Focus. By Arthur Miller. Reynal and Hitchcock. 1945. $2.50.

The central theme of this novel throws an interesting and important light on race relations, but the story itself is so cold and dehumanized that its appeal will be principally for critics and intellectuals. The pertinent material of the story could have been more effectively presented within the framework of a novelette.

Walt Whitman Handbook. By Gay Wilson Allen. Chicago, Packard and Company. 1946. $3.

The important first volume of a series of handbooks on major American writers. It covers all phases of studies on Whitman. The last chapter, on the poet's international reputation, opens a field largely untilled by students and critics.

THE READER WRITES

Atomic Solution: Prophylactic Warfare

To the Editor:

Once more an armistice has been declared in mankind's perpetual warfare. It may last only five years, although an armistice of fifteen or twenty years is not improbable. Meanwhile the development and destructive use of atomic power has so stunned statesmen and thinkers that most of them appear incapable of really comprehending what has happened or thinking of world affairs in terms thereof.

However, those who have had any scientific training at all know there is no true secret about the bomb. The essential facts have already had international publicity. Any fair-sized nation, whether wealthy or not in monetary terms, which elects to devote the scientific talent, the ordinary labor, and the requisite industrial

equipment to the problem can soon produce a very much more powerful bomb than ours.

But though what we call civilization totters on the brink of disaster, there is still time to do something effective about warfare. So far it is not being done. Our military force is rapidly disintegrating. Our infantile soldiers cry incontinently to come home, and suffer from strike fever. They like neither their wages nor their work. We are not so constituted that we could use an atomic bomb aggressively.

We could use it only if attacked, and the enemy might well destroy us before our counterblow. Hence all information about the bomb should be placed at the disposal of the world. Then we should renounce the vagrant hope of abolishing war and try to find a rational alternative.

Our first question is: Can't the more civilized portion of the human race somehow be protected from destruction of irreplaceable cultural and scientific objects and edifices? Their annihilation in war serves little useful purpose. It only encourages arson and strengthens that inner core of insane frenzy all human beings have to destroy the race and all its works. Couldn't a form of prophylactic or therapeutic warfare be devised which need not take place where the more civilized members of our race, upon whom we depend to reproduce their kind, are trying sanely to enjoy life?

In short, can we not make warfare serve a useful biological and economic purpose simultaneously? To this end a remote area should be selected which is now unoccupied and where neither the terrain nor the climate is too atrocious. It will be remembered that weather conditions were often so adverse in certain World War II theatres of operation as to make the efficient mass slaughter of human beings all but impossible. Such a tragic contingency should be avoided by all means.

The place selected must, however, be sufficiently large for the effective operation of large armies, navies, and air forces, and for the use of atomic bombs. It should contain islands to facilitate amphibious operations. Modern scientific knowledge can be used to make quite remote and unhealthful regions disease-free, while current agricultural technology renders it possible to produce fresh vegetables in plenty even on volcanic rocks.

Two large, fully equipped international armed forces would then be permanently established, housed, and maintained in constant training at the chosen isolated theatre of war. They would be provided with every kind of mundane, aquatic, aerial, or amphibious instrument for the destruction of human life and property that happy scientific ingenuity could devise. These corps of destroyers, about equal in power, could live in semiluxury.

Recruitment would normally be voluntary and international but confined, insofar as possible and for genetic reasons, to the criminal classes and persons of violent temperament and homicidal inclination. However, if emergency demanded, others could be impressed into service by draft, though again only the more aggressive types, male and female, should be selected.

Two large competitive corps of brilliant research workers would also be housed, equipped, and supported luxuriously in neutral territory not subject to attack, each serving one of the armed forces. During infrequent intervals of peace these scientists would engage competitively in efforts to devise ever more efficient and horrible instruments to promote the destruction of human life and property on ever vaster scales, and to demolish opposing armed forces. Their activities would naturally intensify during war.

These scientists would also seek to devise means of protection from the destructive instruments they thought up previously. The discoveries of each scientific group would be the exclusive immediate property of the force it served. The unemployed of the world could be used from time to time experimentally to test the effectiveness of these discoveries. Since nothing so stimulates research workers as bloodshed and destruction of property, many things of great utility to the peaceful world at home would be hit upon by inadvertence and the entire progress of scientific discovery would be immensely accelerated.

Nations or power groups would start wars much as in the past except the anachronism of a declaration of war would again come into use. Each side would then choose by lot the armed force it desired to serve it, having no advance information as to which group had made the greatest progress in devising means of slaughter since the last war. The armed forces would then each raise their appropriate flags and war would begin.

However, since modern civilized warfare requires the decimation of numerous innocent, unarmed citizens—as in London, Cologne, Rotterdam, and Hiroshima—provision must be made for this. Happily about a third of the world's people live in a state of submarginal half-starved humiliation at all times during peace. Since it is against our mores and ethics to make adequate provision for them, or to provide them with decent living standards, their existence is a slow, agonizing, atrocious death in life.

It would only be humane to face these obvious facts and to move a few millions of these unfortunates into the Zone of Warfare. There they would go from the sorrowful places all over the earth to be comfortably housed, well-clothed and fed, and provided with needful medical care, recreation, and some luxuries. During recurrent wars they could be bombed and otherwise harried in their homes as occasion warranted so as to make members of the armed forces feel the war was being carried out normally, and also to test the resistance of structures of various types to explosive bombs.

During a war each side would be required to replenish the losses sustained by its armed forces, as well as by the civilian underprivileged. Thus a very considerable and profitable traffic would spring up. All sorts of materials, finished equipment, commodities, and wartime needs, as well as human beings, would be in continuous flow from the belligerent nations to their Zone of Warfare.

However, peaceful citizens at home would no longer be incommoded, much less killed or tortured. Indeed modern technology, under the stimulus of slaughter, could easily maintain them better than usual during a war. They could follow normal routines making money, seeing movies, listening to jukeboxes, dashing about in automobiles, drinking carbonized slop, and doing all those other important things for the right to which we will fight to the death.

In time one or the other armed group would become exhausted, possibly because the flow of goods from factories on its side proved less lavish. For nations with the biggest factories and the best scientists usually win wars these days. Now the problems which started the war, if anyone knew what they were—and no one usually does—could be solved. Since human beings know it is wholly improper and immoral to solve such problems without resort to mass homicide and property destruction, decorum will be preserved.

Finally a perpetual peace, good for at least two years, could be signed. Then the contesting nations or powergroups would replace all the property and human beings they had destroyed and restore the armed forces to normal strength. It might be well to stop the war as soon as enough people had been killed and property destroyed to stimulate the economic systems of the nations concerned for stipulated periods. Naturally there must be enough slaughter and destruction to make the war profitable economically. If necessary, huge fleets could be built, loaded with valuable property, and then sent into the Zone of Warfare to be sunk.

In this way slaughter and organized arson can be rendered respectable and made to serve useful purposes. Thus they will be placed upon a sound scientific and economic basis. Of course, it might become necessary occasionally to dynamite or bomb out the poorer sections of certain selected cities outside the Zone of Warfare, in order to destroy property and a few thousand of the underprivileged, thus solving local unemployment or industrial depression problems. As we are pretty well accustomed to disregard the slums and those who infest them, this would not upset us too much.

Such controlled, therapeutic or prophylactic warfare would also gradually drain away the more aggressive individuals and in time the tendency to make war would diminish. Then the International Commission for Control of Atomic Bombs, which would be used sparingly in actual warfare, could select two or three strategically located cities and vaporize them and their inhabitants to stimulate industry and diminish unemployment. Thus national depression could be avoided.

If these suggestions appear grotesque or eccentric that is merely because we so seldom face national and international problems realistically. They are nevertheless presented as an eager contribution to progressive thinking about the betterment of mankind's estate and the promotion of the public weal.

Falls Church, Va. T. Swann Harding

CONTRIBUTORS

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C. E. AYRES' "Twin Bases for a Limited Capitalism" is to be part of a book, *The Divine Right of Capital* to be published in the fall by Houghton Mifflin. Mr. Ayres is professor of economics at the University of Texas. Readers will recall his stimulating "The Twilight of the Price System" (spring, 1943), which became a chapter in his *The Theory of Economic Progress* (University of North Carolina Press, 1944).

Professor of English at Lawrence College (Appleton, Wisconsin), HOWARD TROYER grew up within a few miles of the Indiana community which is the scene of his "Three Tales." He has published frequently in the learned journals, and is the author of a recently published study of eighteenth-century London, *Ned Ward of Grub Street* (Harvard University Press).

Until his recent discharge from the Army Air Forces, MARVIN FOX was acting Jewish Chaplain at Wright Field, Ohio. He is now a graduate student in the Philosophy Department at Northwestern University.

For more than a generation, HORACE M. KALLEN has been one of the leaders in American philosophy and education. A friend and student of William James, he has taught philosophy at Harvard and Wisconsin, was one of the original faculty of the New School for Social Research, where he is now Dean of the Graduate Faculty. His present article in the *Review* represents one of his leading interests—aid for the depressed populations of Europe. Among his many books is the important and recent *Art and Freedom*.

As may be suspected by the discerning reader, MRS. MATAILEEN L. RAMSDELL took much of the material for "A Star Is Something to Steer By"

from her own experience as a teacher at the Relocation Center at Rohwer, Arkansas. She has published several sketches previously in *Common Ground.*

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JOHN C. SPARKS recently returned to Antioch College as assistant professor of political science. His wartime service included a year and a half as economic analyst for the Board of Economic Warfare, then two years overseas as Lieutenant (jg) in the United States Naval Reserve attached to the Office of Strategic Services in London.

JUNIUS EDDY has recently been discharged after three years with the armed forces. He served first as an enlisted man in the Infantry, later as a Communications Officer and B-17 pilot in the Air Force.

Readers of "A Fourth Entente Cordiale?" will be interested to know that ALBERT GUÉRARD'S *Europe Free and United* (Stanford University Press, 1945) is to appear in French, German, and Italian editions. His most recent book is *France: a Short History* (Norton).

During the war, DAVID DEMPSEY'S work as Marine combat correspondent in the Pacific was outstanding. His articles have appeared in *Harper's, The New Yorker,* and *The New Republic,* and his reviews are a frequent feature of *The New York Times Book Review.*